

# THE CRITIC.

VOL. XX.—No. 496.

JANUARY 7, 1860.

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**GEOLOGY.—KING'S COLLEGE,** LONDON.—PROFESSOR TENNANT, F.G.S., will commence a Course of LECTURES on GEOLOGY on Friday morning, January 27th, at Nine o'clock. They will be continued on each succeeding Wednesday and Friday at the same hour. Fee, 2s. 12s. 6d. R. W. JELF, D.D., Principal.

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Prospectus and further particulars may be obtained at the office of the College. CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Secretary to the Council. Dec. 20, 1859.

**NATURAL HISTORY.**—United Service Institution, Whitehall-yard, S.W.—The Council having been authorised, at a General Meeting of the Members, to dispose of the specimens of natural history in the Museum, hereby give notice, that the COLLECTION will be OPEN for INSPECTION daily from 11 to 4 (on application to the Secretary), from January 3d to 31st, 1860. Offers for the collection as a whole, or in groups, will be received by the Secretary. The collection consists of stuffed birds, skins of birds, horns of animals, skulls of animals, reptiles, fishes, specimens illustrating ethnology, botanical specimens, shells, crustaceans, echinoderms, corals, insects, miscellaneous specimens. By order of the Council, B. BURGESS, Captain, Sec. Dec. 28, 1859.

**ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN,** Albemarle-street.—The WEEKLY EVENING MEETINGS of the Members of the Royal Institution will COMMENCE for the season on Friday, the 30th January, 1860, at 8 o'clock, and will be continued on each succeeding Friday evening at the same hour.

Arrangement of the Lectures before Easter. Twelve Lectures on Fossil Birds and Reptiles, by Richard Owen, Esq., D.C.L., F.R.S., Fullerian Professor of Physiology, R.I. To commence on Tuesday, Jan. 10, 1860, at 3 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Tuesday at the same hour.

Twelve Lectures on Light, including its Higher Phenomena, by John Tyndall, Esq., F.R.S., Professor of Natural Philosophy, R.I. To commence on Thursday, Jan. 12, 1860, at 3 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Thursday at the same hour.

Ten Lectures on the Relations of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man, by Edwin Lankester, M.D., F.R.S., Superintendent to the Animal and Food Collection in the South Kensington Museum. To commence on Saturday, Jan. 28, 1860, at 3 o'clock, and to be continued on each succeeding Saturday at the same hour.

Subscribers to the lectures are admitted on payment of two guineas for the season, or one guinea for a single course. A syllabus may be obtained at the Royal Institution. Dec. 26, 1859. JOHN BARLOW, M.A., V.P., Sec. R.I.

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## THE CRITIC.

## SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE PAST YEAR, which had witnessed the death of not a few Englishmen who were eminent in science, literature, or art, ere its concluding week has added another and a nobler victim to the already too long list. Not yet threescore years old, Lord MACAULAY has passed from among us—leaving, indeed, behind him ample memorials of his genius and learning, but memorials which were, unfortunately, though ample, incomplete. Had he even lived out the years allotted to man, of threescore and ten, how much might he have increased the rich bequest which he has left to posterity. It adds, indeed, to the deep regret which we must feel for the loss of one so eminent in all intellectual qualities, that he did not, if only for a brief season longer, remain with us to impart something more from that bounteous storehouse of knowledge which had been furnished by the long and careful study of a life. In the midst of his toil he has been taken from us and left behind him an imperfect work which it would transcend the skill of the most accomplished Englishman living to complete. THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY was born Oct. 25, 1800, at Rothley Temple, Leicestershire. His father, ZACHARY MACAULAY, has a monument in that old Abbey which is now about to receive the remains of the more renowned son. When just eighteen years of age he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. His career in that University was one of high distinction. In two consecutive years he carried off the Chancellor's medal for English poetry; "Pompeii" and "Evening" being the subjects proposed for prize exercises. Although Lord MACAULAY in after years, when his taste and judgment were matured, looked back, we believe, with but little favour on these firstlings of his muse, it is scarcely too much to say, that "Evening" is probably not only the best extant poem of its kind, but that intrinsically, as a composition, it is of no common excellence. In our opinion it is superior to Heber's "Palestine," which, may be considered the Oxford Prize Poem *par excellence*, and on which with his hymns, the good Bishop's reputation as a poet rests. Before taking his Bachelor's degree in 1822, MACAULAY gained the Craven Scholarship, being bracketed, we believe, *æqualis* with Professor MALDEN and Mr. GEORGE LONG, the accomplished editor of the lately-published edition of Cicero's works. Mathematics MACAULAY attended to but little at Cambridge, a circumstance which, it is said, he afterwards somewhat regretted. Despite his neglect of mathematical studies, he ended a most distinguished career as undergraduate, by becoming a Fellow of his college. There are still living among us old Cambridge men who recollect the sharp word-fencing that passed between MACAULAY and MACKWORTH PRAED, and how each of them commanded the applause of the listening "Union" when MACAULAY advocated forthcoming reforms, and his youthful rival pledged himself to try and save the endangered Constitution of Britain. PRAED's early death prevented them afterwards from meeting face to face in a nobler and more catholic arena.

MACAULAY was called to the bar at Lincoln's-Inn in 1826; and about this time he began to write for *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, to which he contributed poetry, essays, imaginary conversations, &c. In these days he wrote his ballads of the "Spanish Armada," the "Battle of the League" and "Ivry;" and we can scarcely wonder at Professor WILSON's declaration that the half dozen volumes to which *Knight's Magazine* extended were not inferior to any other half-dozen to be found in periodical literature. His famous article on Milton appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, August 1825; an article of which, he afterwards said, even when altered for republication, that "it contains scarcely a paragraph such as his matured judgment approves, and still remains over-loaded with gaudy and ungraceful ornament." JEFFREY, however, saw so little fault in it that he at once secured MACAULAY as a future contributor; and for many years to come his articles were among the chief mainstays of the *Edinburgh Review*. In 1830 he entered the House of Commons, being returned for the "pocket borough" of Calne. Previously to this he had been appointed Commissioner of Bankrupts. In December 1832, after the passing of the Reform Bill, he was returned to Parliament for Leeds, and became Secretary to the Board of Control; and in 1834 he resigned his seat and secretaryship to go out to India as a member of the Supreme Council. Shortly after his return from India—where he remained about four years—he wrote his magnificent essays on Clive and Warren Hastings; essays which, for picturesque narration and finished polish, as well as for the art with which their writer attempts to discriminate between the men and their acts, are not surpassed by any others in the English language. His Indian code was a failure: it might have answered in Utopia; but we know enough now about India to see the utter unsuitableness of many of its 500 clauses to the wants of the various races that are to be found within the vast arena of our Indian Empire. In 1839 he was elected member for Edinburgh, and became Secretary-at-War. This post he retained until September 1841, when Sir ROBERT PEEL's second cabinet was formed. While in opposition, MACAULAY, speaking in favour of the Maynooth Endowment, alluded to "the bray of Exeter Hall"—an expression which so offended certain "unco' guid" amongst his constituents, that he was not re-elected in 1847. In 1852, however,

due reparation was made to him; and the former objectors apparently felt that they had been somewhat too critical in seeing no connection between Exeter Hall and asses: and MACAULAY was re-elected for Edinburgh without having to attend a meeting or pay a penny towards expenses.

His old disease, heart-complaint, not long afterwards attacked him, and, after vainly struggling against its effects for a session or two, he finally succumbed, and retired from public life. Not into idleness, though. He had previously published the first two volumes of his history: he had in their composition—as he has himself told us—spent many of his happiest moments; and now that disease had repeatedly warned him of the perils which he incurred by the excitement of public life, he earnestly hastened to the continuation of the task which he had proposed to himself—the writing a real History of the most important period of our English annals. In 1848 appeared the first two volumes of this History, to be followed by two others in 1855; and hosts of readers were anxiously waiting for the third instalment, long promised, and soon, as we were told, to appear. This History is now but a splendid fragment; and, as Lord MACAULAY was working at it, it never could have been anything else. To bring it down to the memory of living men, as the historian proposed, would have required at least a score of volumes—probably, indeed, even more—and there was little hope, even among the most sanguine, that Lord MACAULAY, however prolonged his days might be, would live to perform his task. The cunning workman is dead, and who shall take his place?

We must notice the affection which Lord MACAULAY ever bore his University. When he was in good health it was his constant practice to visit Trinity, and in his old rooms—which were always temporarily vacated on his coming—to perhaps dream of the early days when he linked the name of Pompeii to numbers, and contested in the Union with MACKWORTH PRAED.

We believe Lord MACAULAY's last article in the *Edinburgh Review* was one on BARREERE, whom BURKE had previously styled "the Anacreon of the Guillotine." This essay was published somewhere about the year 1846 or 1847.

In the notice of the *Times* an incidental notice was made of a special peculiarity in Lord MACAULAY's style, viz., his chary use of pronouns, and especially of personal pronouns. In a most interesting letter, written to Sir EDWARD BULWER, Lord MACAULAY ingeniously and at some length defended this usage. We have forgotten to speak of "The Lays of Ancient Rome." It is a little volume in our opinion full of genuine poetry; sure we are, at all events, that in its learning (which is great) no scholar, and in its taste no critic, will discover a single flaw.

AMONG THE FAULTS charged against our vivacious and pugnacious contemporary, the *Saturday Review*, disregard of the main chance is certainly not to be numbered. Whether it attacks or applauds, the curious and observant eye may always detect the guile of the man of this generation in the respect that is paid to a popular prejudice, or in the still deeper craft wherewith advantage is taken of some occult principle of human nature. Last week, for example, it gave us a capital example of the best way of utilising that valuable truth, that the next best thing to being well praised is to get well abused. To be obscure and disregarded is painful to all minds, and there are some who prefer the loudest and most contumelious oburgation to being passed over *sub silentio*. "Blessed are we, because the wicked speak evil of us," say they; and to such minds all opponents are "the wicked."

The last application of this with which our contemporary has favoured the world is deserving of some praise for the ingenuity and knowledge of mankind which it displays. Failing in their oft-continued and very laudable efforts to goad Mr. CHARLES DICKENS into replying to their attacks, the *Saturday Reviewers* have lately turned their attention to the cheap press, and the experiment has been perfectly successful. Considering that what is called the "cheap press" is managed and ministered to by journalists of matured experience, we are surprised that the "dodge" of the *Saturday Review* has not been seen through. Had the *Telegraph* and the *Star* suffered the first attack upon them in silence, they would have heard no more of their tormentor; but the sting penetrated the bull's hide, and the hornet buzzed on. Capital sport the bull made, too, tossing its horns hither and thither, and rushing madly at its nimble opponent, who was high in the air or down upon the earth, anywhere but within reach of the horn. Finding the first experiment answer so well, the *Saturday Review* has made another, and again with the most satisfactory result. What first angered the *Telegraph* and the *Star* was, they were told that they were cheap; now the accusation which drives them to an excess of fury approaching lunacy is that they are "cheap and nasty." The manner in which this charge is preferred is an amusing example of how an untruth may be made as studiously unpleasant and insulting as possible:

It is perfectly clear, in fact (says the *Saturday Review*), that the penny journals have discovered that filthy reports pay better even than religious controversy. Cases which the more respectable newspapers sum up, after they are concluded, in an abridgment of ten lines, are, in the cheap journals, reported *de die in diem*, expanded over column upon column, printed in conspicuous type, and ushered in with provocative headings which seem to call for the application of Lord Campbell's Act.

It is almost superfluous to say that the writer of this does not, cannot, believe a word of it. To any one who knows anything about

the matter it is needless to say that in nine cases out of ten precisely the same reports, in precisely the same words, appear in all the papers. Some, who are more decent than others, abridge certain cases; but it is quite notorious that, if there be one journal more remarkable than another for its readiness to favour its readers with the worst details of such cases, it is the "leading journal" itself. Perhaps the worst case that ever was reported in the English press (that of *GIELS v. GIELS*, reported eleven years ago) is to be found, in all its repulsive features, in the *Times*. But what though the writer in the *Saturday Review* were acquainted with all this? The object was to "rile" the cheap press, and thus he proceeded:

We wish no harm to the cheap press; but really the truth ought to be spoken about the claims to consideration which it is constantly and rather noisily urging. It is generally understood that the London penny journals are losing speculations, but that they keep alive on the prospect of the paper-duty being repealed. Now, in the present state of the English Exchequer, no tax can be removed to which there are not special objections, and the question is whether the paper-duty is specially objectionable. It is denounced by the cheap press as a tax on knowledge, and so, perhaps, it is; but the point to be practically dealt with is, what sort of knowledge does it discourage? If it be that description of information of which the penny newspapers are so liberal, let us all cry, Long live the paper-duty!

This is capital; because nothing could be more likely to effect the object in view. Of course, it is not generally understood that the London penny journals are losing speculations; but it is perfectly well known that the repeal of the paper duty alone prevents them from becoming splendidly successful in a commercial sense. So the arrow is not only barbed but poisoned.

And see the result. The *Star* (as grave and well-conducted a paper as any other upon the press) goes positively wild with rage, and rails at its tormenting assailant like one demented. It is ignorant, false, malign, disgustingly arrogant; Christian men dare not open it on Sundays; it is "a weekly receptacle for the splenic effusions, petulant spurts, sour eructations, and malodorous voidances of a set of men who seem to be in an equally bad condition of body and mind"—and so on for a column and a quarter of equally elegant abuse. The *Daily Telegraph* comes forth in still stronger force. It girds up its loins, and is wroth at being attacked by "lads from whose heads the college trencher-caps had just fallen." It denounces pedantry, and presently bestirs itself to show that it also hath some knowledge of the classics—go to! It brings to its aid *Bavius* and *Mævius*, *Juvenal* and *Persius*, *Pons Asinorum* and "*Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum*"—apparently innocent of the fact that the three proper names are examples of one rule, and the last word the commencement of another. It is very angry, is our good friend the *Daily Telegraph*, at being "vilipended" in an "opuscule," and at having "figments" uttered to its disparagement in "crapulous" places by persons in a state of "Dædal darkness."

It is evident therefore that the *Saturday Review* has effected what it intended,—it has made the cheap press very angry, and has gained from it an advertisement such as could scarcely have been bought with money. There can be no doubt that where the attacker circulates one copy, the attacked disperses a hundred far and wide; and when the readers of the *Star* and the *Telegraph* find so much eloquent abuse served up for their gratification, it is more than likely that they may feel some curiosity about the object of it.

**WHILST ALL THE READING CIRCLES IN ENGLAND** are absorbed in the perusal of Captain M'CLINTOCK's account of his researches after Sir JOHN FRANKLIN and his missing crews, it is interesting to know that the Americans are projecting another Arctic Expedition, which is to start in the Spring. This is to be headed by Dr. HAYES, who will be remembered as the surgeon of Dr. KANE's Expedition, and it is set on foot by the Scientific Associations of the United States, at whose cost exclusively it will be carried out, and who look forward to great results from it. The design is to follow out the discoveries which have been already made, by verifying the existence of an open North-West Channel, and thus to attempt the final settlement of the vexed question as to the navigability of the passage, the existence of which has been ascertained, by FRANKLIN (as it now appears) first, and subsequently by others. The public spirit evinced in this undertaking should be highly commended; for it needs but a very slight examination of the facts to demonstrate the hollowness of the cry against expeditions of this kind on the ground of the peril to which they expose those who engage in them. If a comparison could be instituted between the effects of climate upon the crews of the African squadron and the mortality among Polar navigators, we believe that it would be found that we spend more precious lives in one year in keeping up the price of Russian tallow and augmenting the miseries of the slave, than we do in ten years' search after those high truths of science and solid commercial advantages which are the objects of Arctic research. The Americans, however, have never been backward in promoting these expeditions—witness the ever-memorable expedition of Dr. KANE and the munificent conduct of Mr. GRINNELL on that occasion.

**ON MONDAY NEXT**, one hour after mid-day, there will be a great and solemn spectacle in Westminster Abbey. MACAULAY will be gathered, not "to his fathers," but to his peers—and not his peers in the House of Lords, but his peers according to that everlasting heraldry in which the head is adjudged to be something nobler than the coronet. His grave is dug in the Poets' Corner, at the feet

of ADDISON (we are told), with ISAAC BARROW, CAMDEN, JOHNSON, GARRICK, and SHERIDAN close at hand—glorious companionship! GIFFORD, too, lies not far off. Let us hope that all political hostilities come to nothing in the dust, else it will go hard with the thunderer of the *Edinburgh* and the Whig historian, between that stern old Conservative, SAMUEL JOHNSON, and the Tory editor of the *Quarterly*.

To the funeral are bidden "the members of the Legislature and the gentlemen of distinction in letters, science, or art, who may be desirous to show their respect to his memory." These are requested to signify their wish to Mr. C. BUXTON, M.P., 7, Grosvenor-crescent, by whom their title to distinction will be settled. No one will be admitted without a ticket, as the space occupied by Poets' Corner is "limited."

## HISTORIES OF PUBLISHING HOUSES.

### No. I.—THE HOUSE OF MURRAY.

#### IN THREE CHAPTERS.

#### CHAPTER I.—THE FOUNDER.

##### JOHN I.

*Fleet-street, 1768-93.*

**ON THURSDAY**, the 13th of October, 1768, His Majesty Christiern the Seventh, King of Denmark and Norway, quitted London on his way to the Continent after a visit of several months to England. A youth of nineteen, King Christiern had married, on ascending the throne in 1766, the Princess Caroline Matilda, sister of his Britannic Majesty, King George III. Splendid and enthusiastic was the reception at Court, in the City, and by the populace, which King Christiern met with; and he expressed himself, say the newspapers, particularly delighted with the hearty cheers of the common people. A few years more, and, in 1772, Queen Caroline Matilda was divorced from King Christiern on suspicion of undue familiarity with the Danish Minister, Struensee. The Minister was executed, and the Queen was divorced and relegated to private life in Hanoverian Zell, where she died in 1775. Not quite thirty-three years after the triumphal departure of King Christiern from London, the cannon-balls and bomb-shells of Nelson were doing their deadly errand in the harbour and city of Copenhagen. Like his royal brother-in-law of England, Christiern had then been for many years subject to fits of insanity. But if, while Nelson's iron hail was shattering his metropolis, he woke up in a lucid interval and heard the noise, he may have remembered under what different conditions he had last listened to the roar of British artillery, as it bade him respectful farewell to England on Thursday, the 13th of October, 1768. All this, however, was hidden in the womb of time. The newspapers of the week are full of joy at his Danish Majesty's satisfaction with his treatment, and of glowing descriptions of his farewell journey from London to the coast. The costumes of his Majesty and his attendants, the number and appearance of his carriages and escort, the smallest minutiae of his progress, are detailed with a copiousness which shows that already the penny-a-liner was in being. But in all the chronicle of the great event which then occupied the metropolitan mind, throwing into the shade the news of Lord Chatham's resignation and the ominous tidings borne from across the Atlantic of American rebellion, two items only are of interest to us. The one is that when his Majesty arrived about noon at Chatham, there was a great turn-out of the Royal Marines to do him honour. King Christiern, says the *Public Advertiser*, drove into Chatham, "after passing through the whole Chatham division of Marines, commanded by Colonel Mackenzie, which lined the town of Strood to the Bridge foot"—the foot of old Rochester Bridge, in these last years destroyed and replaced by a new and handsome structure.

Reader! little as you may have expected to see him there, among the officers of Marines who, on the mid-October Thursday of 1768, saluted King Christiern VII., as his Majesty drove past into Chatham, stood the founder of the publishing House of Murray! That young Lieutenant of Marines, probably short of stature, and certainly with a strong Edinburgh accent, who hurried away (belike) when the ceremony was over, to his barracks and his books, full of thoughts quite unconnected with his profession, was John the first, of the dynasty of Murray. In the Army List for 1768, he is registered as Second-Lieutenant John M'Murray on full pay: the same authentic record informs us that his commission bore date the 24th of June, 1762, and that in point of seniority he was No. 34 on the list. Born in Edinburgh, probably about 1745, and of respectable parentage, he had received a good education, and was a young man of literary tastes, of sound, cool judgment as well as energy, and yet with a temper a little warm and impetuous. He had entered the Marines "under the patronage of Sir George Yonge, Bart," a noted official of last century. But promotion, going by seniority in the Marines, is slow, whoever may be your patron. When he received his commission, the Seven Years' War was not quite ended; and there was a chance of rapid promotion, if those above him were shot. Another year, and the Peace of Paris destroyed that one possibility of rising quickly. Five years had come and gone since the Peace of Paris, and Second-Lieutenant M'Murray was still 34th from the top. On that very day when he saluted King Christiern, he was almost persuaded to bid good bye to amphibious soldiering, and become—a London Bookseller!



The second and only remaining item that interests us in the newspaper chronicle of King Christiern's progress is that, on the evening of the same Thursday, his Majesty arrived at Dover for embarkation, and was welcomed not only with firing of cannon and acclamations of the people, but with a congratulatory and valedictory poem, printed in the periodicals of the time. Whose the poem was we cannot say with certainty; but we have our own strong suspicions as to its authorship. For in those very days\* there was on temporary visit to Dover a North British friend of Lieut. M'Murray's, who has earned himself a place among the British poets, and who was by no means chary of addressing occasional pieces to royal or noble personages. He was a man of five feet seven, of thin light make, with dark weather-beaten complexion, and harsh features, strongly marked by the smallpox; of rough blunt address, yet eloquent and emphatic when he spoke to you on a subject that interested him. His name was William Falconer, author of the "Shipwreck," almost our solitary nautical epic, and which keeps its ground to this day. He was born at Edinburgh in 1730, a poor barber's son, and went to sea as a ship-boy on the high and giddy mast. Among his earliest patrons was the person whom Bozzy calls contemptuously "one Campbell, a purser in the navy," and who the year before (1767) had amused the town and disgusted Bozzy by the publication of "Lexiphanes," a parody on the pomp of Samuel Johnson's style. In time, Falconer's merits were recognised by higher personages. In 1762, he published his "Shipwreck," and by-and-by even the great Duke of York condescended to notice him. The cabin-boy became a midshipman, and then exchanging into the civil service of the navy, was made purser of the *Glory*, which eventually was laid up in ordinary at Chatham. Probably it was there that he made the acquaintance of Lieut. John M'Murray, a marine officer of literary tastes and a fellow-Scotchman. At any rate, in 1768 they were friends. What Falconer was doing at Dover we have not been able to discover. His proper business at that time was to be completing his "Marine Dictionary," at which he had been working for several years, and which was published in 1769. It is to Falconer and his friendship with the Lieutenant of Marines that we owe the first glimpse of the House of Murray in its pre-historic and embryotic state. In his bookselling schemes and speculations, Lieut. M'Murray remembered his rough weather-beaten acquaintance, the poet of the "Shipwreck," and an Edinburgh man to boot. Three days after the departure of the King of Denmark from Dover, the Lieutenant of Marines sat down (it was a Sunday) in his barracks at Brompton—the Kentish Brompton, a continuation of Strood, Rochester, and Chatham, not the Brompton of Western London and the Kensington Museum—and wrote to Falconer the following letter.\* Strangely and fortunately, it was preserved and has been published, to aid (among other services) the present historian of the House of Murray.

LIEUTENANT M'MURRAY, AT THE BARRACKS, BROMPTON, TO MR. WILLIAM FALCONER, AT DOVER.

Brompton, Kent, 16th Oct., 1768.

DEAR WILL,—Since I saw you I have had the intention of embarking in a scheme that I think will prove successful, and in progress of which I have had an eye towards your participating. Mr. Sandby, bookseller, opposite St. Dunstan's Church, has entered into company with Snow and Denne, bankers. I was introduced to this gentleman about a week ago, upon an advantageous offer of succeeding him in his old business, which, by the advice of my friends, I propose to accept. Now, although I have little reason to fear success by myself in this undertaking; yet I think so many additional advantages would accrue to us both, were your forces and mine joined, that I cannot help mentioning it to you, and making you the offer of entering into company. He resigns to me the lease of the house; the goodwill —; and I only take his bound stock and fixtures at a fair appraisement, which will not amount to much beyond 400*l*.; and which, if ever I mean to part with, cannot fail to bring in nearly the same sum. The shop has been long established in the trade; it retains a good many old customers; and I am to be ushered immediately into public notice by the sale of a new edition of "Lord Lyttleton's Dialogues;" and afterwards by a like edition of his "History." These works I shall sell by commission, upon a certain profit, without risque; and Mr. Sandby has promised to me, always, his good offices and recommendation. These are the general outlines; and if you entertain a notion that the conjunction will suit you, advise me, and you shall be assumed upon equal terms; for I write to you before the affair is finally settled; not that I shall refuse it if you don't concur (for I am determined on the trial by myself); but that I think it will still turn out better were we joined; and this consideration alone prompts me to write to you. Many blockheads in the trade are making fortunes; and did we not succeed as well as they, I think it must be imputed only to ourselves. . . . Consider what I have proposed, and send me your answer soon. Be assured in the meantime, that I remain, dear Sir, your affectionate and humble servant,

JOHN M'MURRAY.

P.S.—My advisers and directors in this affair have been Thomas Cumming, Esq., Mr. Archibald Paxton, Mr. Samuel Paterson, of Essex-house, and Messrs. J. and W. Richardson, printers. These, after deliberate reflection, have unanimously thought I should accept of Mr. Sandby's offer.

The first appearance of the House of Murray upon any stage! In this notable epistle, the reader will remark the mixture of caution and confidence, and also that of the four "advisers and directors"

of the Lieutenant—three, Paxton, Paterson, and Cumming—have names with a decidedly Scottish smack. £400 for "lease, good-will, bound stock, and fixtures"—it does not seem very much even for those days. The customers of Mr. Sandby were of a superior class, or the opulent and long-established firm of Snow, Denne, and Co. would scarcely have cared to make him a partner, or been anxious to secure the advantages of his "connection." Mr. William Sandby, indeed, was a bookseller of no ordinary social status, for his father was a prebendary of Gloucester, and his brother, Dr. George Sandby, had been Master of Magdalen College, Cambridge.\* We can fancy him a grave elderly gentleman, of bland manners, and many acquaintances in Church and State—a person likely to be valuable in a bank parlour. And then what a start for the young Lieutenant of Marines! A new edition of Lord Lyttleton's "Dialogues of the Dead," to be followed by one of his "History," the well-known work on Henry II. Mr. Sandby probably had had enough of the latter. Of the first edition, when it came from the press not a single line was left as originally printed; and Mr. Sandby liberally defrayed the expense of corrections—a slight drawback on the honour of having publishing transactions with a Peer. "The good Lord Lyttleton," as he was called, is entitled to kindly remembrance even now, for he was Harry Fielding's schoolfellow at Eton, and befriended through life the author of "Tom Jones." Samuel Johnson, it is true, said of him and his "Dialogues of the Dead,"—"That man sat down to write a book, to tell the world what the world had all his life been telling him." But when in 1767 (the year before Lieutenant M'Murray's negotiation with Mr. Sandby) the Doctor had his famous interview with George III., "in the library of the Queen's house," and his Majesty asked him "what he thought of Lord Lyttleton's History, which was then just published," the great moralist lowered his tone a little, and replied "that he thought his style pretty good;" adding, with perhaps unconscious courtiership, "but that he had blamed Henry II rather too much."† To Lieutenant M'Murray, Lord Lyttleton's style and the accuracy of his estimate of Henry II., were, in all probability, matters of indifference. To publish the books of the noble owner of Hagley, a Peer of the realm, and an ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer—on "commission" too, "with a certain profit," and "without risque"—how brilliant a prospect for the Scotch Lieutenant of Marines!

"Dear Will" thought the matter over, and, unfortunately for himself, was induced or obliged to decline the offer of his "affectionate and humble servant." It might have been poverty, and there may be truth in the statement of his biographer Clarke, that at this period he was usually the occupant of a Grub-street garret, toiling, in very straitened circumstances, at his "Marine Dictionary" to keep himself and the loving wife who made him happy. Yet it is scarcely likely that Lieutenant M'Murray did not know the circumstances of the man whom he addressed as "Dear Will," and it is evident that he credited the poet with the possession of some capital. More probably it was some new and seemingly brilliant prospects dawning on Falconer that led him, even though they involved expatriation, to refuse the proposal of his friend at Brompton. The poet of the "Shipwreck" was an anti-Wilkesite, for Wilkes was an anti-Scotchman, and Falconer had lashed the blustering hero of the day in a little metrical brochure, "The Demagogue." To attack Wilkes, did the poet good with persons in authority, and soon an opportunity for advancing him presented itself. In 1768 our young empire in Hindostan was in peril. A year before, the great Lord Clive returned from India for ever, to be badgered by committees of the House of Commons—to pine, with all his wealth, amid contumely and invective—and ultimately to perish by his own hand. Warren Hastings had not yet emerged from obscurity. Hyder Ali and the Nizam, in alliance, were attacking the British, and, for once, without a commanding head or commanding arm, the British were losing ground. In this emergency the Home authorities decided that three commissioners should be sent out to investigate and report on men and things in India. The author of "The Demagogue" and "The Shipwreck" was appointed to the pursership of the *Aurora*, the frig to which was to convey the commissioners; and, still more attractive, it was half promised him that he should be made their secretary on arriving in India. In 1769 he published his "Marine Dictionary," but did not live to reap the fruits of its considerable success. Just as he left England appeared a third edition of his "Shipwreck," which was to have contained some verses addressed to his friend M'Murray‡; but in the final hurry of departure the lines were left unwritten or unpublished. He sailed on the 2nd of October 1769, and his own hasty advertisement to the new edition is dated only on the 1st. The *Aurora* reached the Cape, but after leaving it was never seen or heard of more. Ship, crew, passengers—all were lost. Thus perished William Falconer, author of "The Shipwreck," by a death strangely coincident with the theme, the poetic treatment of which has made him famous. Better had he remained at home, and lent his name to a new bookselling firm of "Murray and Falconer (late Sandby)," or even, like Mark Tapley, have been content to serve as its anonymous "Co."!

As Lieutenant M'Murray had determined from the first, "dear Will's" non-acceptance of his offer did not influence his own proceedings. The negotiations were successfully completed, and Mr. Sandby

\* Clarke's "Life of Falconer."

† First printed in Clarke's "Life of Falconer," occasionally reprinted in other biographies of the poet; and to be found in the well-known and generally accessible work, Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," Vol. III. p. 728.

\* Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes," *sub nomine*.

† Boswell's Johnson.

‡ Clarke's "Life of Falconer."

withdrew from the Fleet-street book-shop to Messrs. Snow, Denne, and Company's banking premises in the Strand—the same which in our own day have acquired a peculiar notoriety as the headquarters of Sir John Dean Paul.\* Forthwith a notification was issued for all whom it might concern, that "Mr. Sandby's customers continue to be served with the same care as usual, and they and all other gentlemen in town or country who shall be pleased to favour J. Murray with their commands may depend on having their commissions executed by him in the speediest and best manner." "J. Murray," it will be observed, not "J. M. Murray," as he figures in the Army List of 1768, and when signing the letter to poor Falconer, The ex-Lieutenant of Marines, without absolutely changing his name, had prudently de-Scotticised it as far as he could, when about to court the patronage of an English public. It was, indeed, the very hey-day of anti-Scotticism. Wilkes, of the *North Briton*, was at the height of his popularity. Lord Bute had resigned office after the Peace of Paris in 1763, which he had been accused of being bribed to consent to; but he was still supposed to wield a deadly "influence behind the throne." Boszy has recorded, in the account of his spring visit to Johnson in that very year of 1768, that the great Doctor's "prejudice against Scotland appeared remarkably strong at this time." Long before John Murray dropped his "Mac," and started as a bookseller in Fleet-street, Mr. Macmillan had done the same, and was known for fifty years as Mr. Millan, the bookseller of Charing-cross.† If he had started a magazine and called it by his own name, it would have been "Millan's," not, as nowadays, "Macmillan's"! Apart from the irrational prejudice of the time, there was no reason for a Scotch bookseller and publisher to be ashamed of his country. Two of the chief metropolitan publishers and booksellers of the age were Scotchmen—Millar and Strahan; and with them, as the patriotic Boszy has remarked, the Scotland-and-Scotchman-hating Johnson himself "chiefly contracted for his literary labours." Be it noted, moreover, that in the June of the year in which John Murray took possession of his shop in Fleet-street, his countryman Andrew Millar died. It was Andrew who, "over a bottle of port" at a tavern, with Thomson, of the "Seasons," and Henry Fielding, startled the latter by offering for "Joseph Andrews" the to its author enormous, and by its author unexpected, sum of 200*l.*, which became 1000*l.* in the case of "Amelia." It was the same Andrew who, in the Strand, had the principal charge of the publication of Johnson's Dictionary, and who provoked a memorable and good-humoured remark of the sage. When the messenger returned who had carried to Miller the last sheet of the long-contracted work, Johnson asked him: "Well, what did he say?" "Sir," was the answer, "he said, 'Thank God, I have done with him.'" "I am glad," replied Johnson, with a smile, "that he thanks God for anything."‡ 1768, too, was the year which saw Andrew Millar end, and John Murray begin his career—one not so conspicuous, perhaps, as that of his countryman, but which founded a publishing dynasty, and this was done neither by Millar nor by Strahan. It was the year too of Lawrence Sterne's death alone and untended in his Bond-street lodgings, the year of the *Morning Chronicle's* birth, of the Wilkes riots, and of the first voyage of Captain Cook. Johnson, at fifty-nine, in the maturity of his fame, was resting on his oars, and had been talked to benignantly by his Sovereign. In 1768, Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, the elegant poet, was at last appointed to the Professorship of Modern History, for which Messrs. Woodham, Merivale, Spedding, and Arthur Helps are competing while we write. It was the year before the publication of poor dear Goldy's "Deserted Village" (which a young German gentleman of nineteen, then deep in alchemy and the mystics, Herr Goethe, of Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, was to translate by-and-by), and of pompous Principal Robertson's "Charles V.," and "the late Mr. Burke's" first notable pamphlet "On the State of the Nation,"—before James Watt's first patented steam-engine and Richard Arkwright's first patented spinning jenny, and the great Shakespeare jubilee at Stratford, where Mr. Boswell, of Auchinleck, made a fool of himself. Mr. David Hume, the essayist and historian, was still Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, but thought of withdrawing to the unofficial quiet and whist of his native Edinburgh. Adam Smith, too, was retiring to his native Kirkcaldy, to plan and compose the "Wealth of Nations." In 1768, a sturdy little boy of six was idling about a Surrey farm-yard, and his name was William Cobbett; and far away in Western Scotland a dark-complexioned lad of nine, with glowing eyes, was struggling as a farm servant of his father's with the difficult soil of a small Ayrshire holding (murmuring to himself the while snatches of poetry and prose), and his name was Robert Burns; and a lawyer's clerk, aged sixteen, Thomas Chatterton by name, was promulgating in the columns of *Felix Farley's Journal* his first antiquarian fictions; and in the house of a Jewish merchant at Enfield, there was a delicate little child of two years old, with very doubtful prospects of existence, and causing his mother terrible anxiety. The delicate little

child was, however, to grow up into a shy, sensitive, studious young man, the same who, some two-and-twenty years afterwards, was to sidle, MS. in hand, into the bookseller's shop, 32, Fleet-street, and inquire timidly whether Mr. Murray would be his publisher. And, after due consideration, Mr. Murray was to reply in the affirmative; and soon it was to be buzzed about in the literary circles of London that a little volume of remarkable interest and promise had appeared, called the "Curiosities of Literature," and that its author was a young Hebrew gentleman—a certain Mr. Isaac D'Israeli.

Early in the winter of 1768-9, we may presume, ex-Lieutenant M. Murray, under the style of "Mr. Murray, Bookseller, and successor to Mr. W. Sandby," entered on possession of the "bound stock and fixtures" at 32, Fleet-street. Though he had dropped his Scottish Mac, he did not forget or ignore his connection with the Marines; on the bill-heads of his old accounts there figures a ship in full sail—a fact well worth recording and remembering. He troubled himself, probably, just as little about the heroes of the survey which we have ventured to make, as about the fact that he was on or quite close to the site of the "premises" once occupied by old Wynkyn de Worde, whose sign was the sign of the Falcon. When Mr. Murray went to his shop-door to see the time of day by St. Dunstan's clock opposite, he had in Falcon-court, a few inches to his right, a memorial of the venerable old printer. The new edition of Lord Lyttelton's first volume of "Henry II." was duly brought out, and it was not until 1771-2 that the whole work was completed in the stately quarto form considered in those days indispensable to dignified publishing. Publishing and bookselling, moreover, were at that time much less than now distinct branches of business. While he did not neglect publishing, Mr. Murray looked closely to his book-selling. It is said that his three chief publishing triumphs were Langhorne's *Plutarch*, Mitford's *Greece*, and the thin octavo in which the elder D'Israeli gave to the world, in 1791, his first draught of the "Curiosities of Literature." But Mr. Murray was quite as much of a bookseller as publisher. "He had," we are told, "a large connection with India and in Edinburgh,"\* his native city. Nor was he a general bookseller merely, but a medical bookseller above all. In old bookselling records, you often come upon "Mr. Murray, the medical bookseller of Fleet-street;" and at this day, the bibliopole occupants of No. 32 announce themselves to be "medical booksellers." Æsculapius still patronises his old haunts.

The first distinct glimpse we have of Mr. Bookseller and Publisher Murray, after his establishment at 32, Fleet-street, connects itself with the year 1774. In 1756, there had been an *Edinburgh Review*, the faint and all-but forgotten precursor of its famous namesake and successor. Some of the chief literati of Edinburgh contributed to it, and its existence has furnished the theme for a well-known anecdote of David Hume. But it soon died and made no sign. In 1773, however, Printer Smellie of Edinburgh, who was besides a successful cultivator of archaeology and natural history, founded an *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* of news and literature. At that date, authors by profession did not abound in Edinburgh, and the area of selection was small. Smellie chose for his chief literary coadjutor a clever but drunken and violent man, whose chief passion, after the bottle, was to run down established reputations—a type of the literary Scotchman not extinct even now. Against poor Dr. Henry, the well-meaning historian, in particular, Stuart waged unprovoked and perpetual war, and the odd, causeless, yet tenacious and sleepless hatreds and hostilities of the man, led the elder D'Israeli to give him a niche in the "Quarrels of Authors." In some very antiquated semi-typographical, semi-literary circles of Edinburgh at this day, there still survive traditions and stories of Stuart's violences, drunkennesses, and proficiencies.† Well, in the Smellie-Stuart correspondence of 1773-76, occasioned by their business connection, John Murray's name frequently appears. He was an Edinburgh man, keeping up bookselling connections with his native city, and he had been appointed London agent of the *Edinburgh Magazine and Review*. The year after the foundation of the periodical, Smellie and Stuart had some thoughts of separating the Review from the Magazine, and having two organs, one of literature, the other of news. Mr. Murray of London was actually honoured with the offer of a share in the new North British literary enterprise. Towards the August of 1774 Stuart writes to Smellie: "Murray seems fully apprised of the pains and attention that are necessary, has literary connections, and is fond of the employment; let him therefore be the London proprietor." Murray's answer to the proposal is printed by Kerr,‡ and is full of the blended caution and courage which seem to have distinguished him, and which certainly have distinguished his son and grandson. He begins in the usual official style by marshalling in battle array (just as he used to marshal his Marines) all the possible objections to the scheme. "You will consider that there does not appear to be sale at present in England for two Reviews; for I look upon the *Critical Review*" (Toby Smollet's organ that was; but he had left it and literature four years before, exchanging the world's strife for the peace of the grave)—as barely paying expenses. Then it ought to be considered that "the publication of an Edinburgh review of a book must be a month later than its appearance in the London ones;" for though Watt and his

\* Cunningham's "Hand-book of London."

† "Memoirs of William Smellie" (Edinburgh, 1811, Vol. I, p. 346), by Robert Kerr, who represents, quite erroneously, the first Murray as leaving the Marines immediately after the Peace of Paris in 1763, and purchasing the business of this Mr. Illan or Macmillan.

‡ Boswell's Johnson.—Boswell adds the following: "Millar, though himself no great judge of literature, had good sense enough to have for his friends very able men to give him their opinion and advice in the purchase of copyrights: the consequence of which was his acquiring a very large fortune with great liberality. Johnson said of him, 'Sir, I respect Millar; he has raised the price of literature.' Mr. Strahan's liberality, judgment, and success are well known."

\* Nichols: *ubi supra*.

† See Boston's Life of David Hume.

‡ "Memoirs of Smellie," Vol. I. p. 432.



steam-engine were extant, thirteen years had to elapse before George Stephenson was born, and in those days locomotion was terribly slow. But when all the difficulties and obstacles had been stated, Mr. Murray avowed that he saw some chance of success, if his advice was attended to. In that case he expressed himself not unwilling to "take a share;" and "from my situation and my acquaintance with different gentlemen of taste and learning," you know what I could do for it! The new Smellie-Stuart project came to nothing. There was indeed, some thirty years afterwards, to be an *Edinburgh Review*, coming to something, but under other than Smellie-Stuart auspices. The Hour and the Man had not yet arrived. It was only in the October of the year before that a little Francis Jeffrey had made his first appearance in the world. Sydney Smith was a boy of six, and Henry Brougham unborn, when Murray and Stuart corresponded about their *Edinburgh Review*. One of these days, too, there was to be not only a powerful *Edinburgh*, but a powerful *Quarterly*, its rival and opponent. Four years and three months after the correspondence cited, and in the November of 1778, a baby was born at 32, Fleet-street, and christened John. It was John the second, destined to be the founder and proprietor of the *Quarterly Review*. Smellie's *Edinburgh Magazine and Review* expired in the August of 1776, aged three years. It died of a virulent attack by drunken Stuart on strange old Lord Monboddo's book on the Origin of Language. The London agent assisted at the obsequies, and condoled with the sorrowing parent in the following laconic note: \*

Dear Smellie,—I am sorry for the defeat you have met with. Had you praised Lord Monboddo, instead of damning him, it would not have happened. —Yours, &c. J. MURRAY.

The bill-head of a ship in full sail, on his accounts, is not the only reminder of his previous way of life afforded by the first Murray's conduct of his business. The Fleet-street bookseller no longer wore a uniform; but the spirit of the officer was strong within him, and when provoked he could show fight with his pen, if not with his sword. Thus, in 1777, he did not hesitate to enter the lists against the elegant Mason, the author of "Elfrida" and Precentor of York, the editor and biographer of Mr. Gray the poet—who, by the way, did not long live to enjoy his Modern History Professorship, dying (in 1771) three years after he had been appointed to it. Murray thought a handsome and inexpensive edition of Gray's poems would be a good speculation; and he brought one out. Unluckily, however, he incorporated with it a few lines of posthumous poetry first published by Mason, and therefore copyright. The ruffled ecclesiastic hastened to seek the aid of the Lord Chancellor, and Murray, indignant that he should be even accused of piracy, wrote off and published forthwith "A Letter to W. Mason, M.A., concerning his edition of Mr. Gray's poems and the practices of Booksellers. By a Bookseller." Without coarseness, it is a very plain-spoken performance, for that was not a mealy-mouthed time. The elegant author of "Elfrida" and Precentor of York is plain Mason throughout, and gets quite as good as he gave. The tone of the whole is one of honest and manly resentment, and the reasoning is close and clear. Again, in 1784, he made his way into print to expose some seemingly sharp practice on the part of the eminent physician Cullen in the matter of an edition of a medical book, in the manipulation of which the medical bookseller of Fleet-street had an interest. The title of Mr. Murray's second pamphlet (again a very vigorous piece of writing) is "An Author's Conduct to the Publick stated in the behaviour of Dr. William Cullen," who had been audacious enough to publish second editions of his books and refuse to exchange new volumes in continuation for first volumes of the first edition, useless of course without their predecessors. His last effort of the pamphleteering kind was in defence, not of himself, but of one of his authors, a certain James Munro, who seems to have been a military man, and who had been accused of plagiarising from the work of some contemporary writer. A combative person himself, by nature and by original profession, the first Murray patronised combative men. When Gilbert Stuart was turned adrift at Edinburgh, Murray brought him up to London, and set him, with another man of terribly violent temper, Whitaker, the historian of Manchester, to co-operate in the *English Review*. The first number of it was published on the 1st of January 1783, with "John Murray, 32, Fleet-

street," on its title-page.\* Stuart soon drank himself into jaundice and dropsy, and returned in 1786, to die in his father's house at Musselburgh. Whitaker remained, and his "slashing" articles produced a certain effect; one on Gibbon is said to have aided very much in "establishing the reputation" of the *English Review*. The "Decline and Fall" has survived Whitaker's attack! The *Review* itself expired, or rather was "amalgamated" in 1797 with another long-ago-deceased contemporary, the *Analytical Review*, four years after the death of the first John Murray. His last noticeable feat was the publication already mentioned, in 1791, of Isaac D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature," which expanded into a long series of similar works, and created an English school of literary anecdote. All the records speak of the first Murray as energetic, respectable, and successful, though his fame has been eclipsed by that of his son. On the 16th of November, 1793, John, the first founder of the dynasty of Murray, died quietly in his bed in Fleet-street, London, three days before the guillotine at Paris severed the head from the body of Philippe Egalité, Duke of Orléans; and Guizot, the Prime Minister of Egalité's son Louis Philippe, was one day to be a contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, under John the Third, son of its founder, John the Second. The son of the employer of Whittaker and Stuart was to have Cabinet Ministers and Secretaries to the Admiralty writing for his *Review*! Little, indeed, could the lad of fifteen, when he put on mourning and followed his father's corpse to the grave, have imagined what co-operation was preparing for him. In 1793, "the late Mr. Burke" was retiring from Parliament; but he had broken up the Whig party, published his "Reflections," and given birth to that intellectual reaction against the French Revolution of which young John's future *Quarterly* was to be the chief organ. As the "late Mr. Burke" was retiring from Parliament, Canning (of whose relations with young John we shall afterwards hear) was just entering it to join the standard of Pitt, though Sheridan had made much of him, and introduced him to high society. In 1793, Robert Southey was an enthusiastic young man of twenty, reading Glover's "Leonidas" at Bristol, and dreaming of republican happiness in America; but he, too, surrendering these fancies, was to be an associate of John Murray's. In 1793, Lord Byron was a child of five at Aberdeen, having his poor little lame foot tortured by the physicians, tearing his frocks to pieces in his infantine passion, and falling into "silent rages" which terrified his nurse-maids: a few years more and his Lordship's rage, expressed in the strong music of a poetry all his own, was to aid in making John Murray a proud and prosperous man. In Ireland's metropolis, that very year—Lord Byron's future biographer, Master Thomas Moore (*et*at fourteen) saw, in a Dublin magazine, his own verses for the first time in print, and was a happy, happy boy, with whom, as a man, young John was to have now troublous, now pleasurable relations. Somewhere in Ireland, too (son of its Surveyor-General), there was a little Master Croker, aged seven, keeping, no doubt, a keen eye upon the cupboard, and who was to have long dealings with the Fleet-street youth. William Gifford was a man of thirty-seven, tutoring kind Earl Grosvenor's son; and a year was to elapse before, with his publication of the *Baviad*, he could prove that English satire was not dead, and pave the way for his first editorship of John Murray's *Quarterly*. North of his own loved stream, the Tweed, a young Edinburgh advocate, as yet unknown to fame, a Mr. Walter Scott, was learning German as well as debating at the Speculative, with a novel peeping out from the pages of his "Stair's Institutes," his mind slowly maturing for literary triumphs, of the fruits of which young John Murray was to partake in several ways. Thomas Campbell was twenty-two, and unknown to fame; eight years more, and the Bard of Hope was to be singing the Battle of the Baltic.—Nelson's bombardment of the capital of poor Christiern VII., with whose joyful departure from England our story began. And last, not least, in another twelvemonth the minister of Cambusnethan Manse, Lanarkshire, welcomed a little stranger, afterwards known to the world as John Gibson Lockhart, as the son-in-law and biographer of Sir Walter Scott, and second editor of John Murray's *Quarterly Review*. *Le roi* (of Fleet-street) *est mort: vive le roi* of Albemarle-street, that is to be!

\* There is mention made by Nichols in the "Anecdotes" of a newspaper, the *London Mercury*, started by Murray in 1780; and Kerr (in the "Memoirs of Smellie") refers to another newspaper, the *Political Herald*, on which, he says, as well as on the *English Review*, Stuart was employed by Murray. But, after some search in the newspaperfiles of the time, we have been unable to discover any traces of either.

\* "Kerr's Smellie," Vol. I., p. 432.

## ENGLISH AND FOREIGN LITERATURE.

### PHILOSOPHY.

*Contributions to Mental Philosophy.* By HERMANN IMMANUEL FICHTE. Translated and edited by J. D. MORELL, A.M. London: Longmans.

ANOTHER GHASTLY BOOK—ghastly, but not insane enough to be amusing. Mr. Morell is a worthy, amiable, and accomplished gentleman, who has taken some not unavailing trouble to stimulate philosophical studies in England. But his mind is too

elegant, perhaps his taste too fastidious, and his nature too cold and cautious, to pierce below the surface of things. He has written much about metaphysics, and we doubt not that he has read many metaphysical books. Neither, however, the metaphysical genius nor the metaphysical instinct is his. Toward German philosophy he has been attracted more by curiosity than by hunger for the truth; and when he talks of it the glibbest, we are not sure whether he quite understands it, and whether he is not misleading himself and his hearers. Certain is it, at all events, that he does not see where the

chief greatness of German philosophy lies, or that he has not the courage to face the conclusions which German systems arrive at or imply. German philosophy is the most daring expression of man's thought in relation to the Infinite. It has made a grander ontology possible; and it is ontology alone which can claim the name of philosophy. He who cannot rise to the science of universal being, and therein abide, is no philosopher.

Mr. Morell, however, seems to think that it is with psychology that the philosopher should mainly or exclusively concern himself; and, haunted by this unhappy crotchet, he has wasted his Christmas holidays in translating and lengthily prefacing a recent work of the younger Fichte. On this work we beg to make as politely as possible two observations: What is true is, as the Scotch say, as old as the hills; what is not true is very wearisome and watery trash. We do not believe in psychology; we have always denounced it: degrading philosophy, it leads to scepticism in religion. Man belongs to philosophy no farther than as a part of that boundless existence which is at once the kingdom, the garment, and the speech of God; and in this respect we have to contemplate no foolish figment of the schools, but man in his radiant, valiant manhood—man in his complete, harmonious individuality. Now, put no desecrating, dwarfing, mutilating hand on this divine individuality, and we care not how many spiritualisms and idealisms you accumulate behind; we should even rejoice if, like the Greeks, you can gather round the soul an array of richest symbols. Furthermore, as the infinite is veil behind veil, abyss deeper than abyss of mysteries, why should not man the individual be to himself, and to other individuals, transcendently mysterious? But psychology has no glance, no reverence for the spiritual, the ideal, the poetic, the symbolic, the mysterious in man. It treats the soul as an independent entity, and laboriously catalogues the characteristics of a phantom. Possibly creation is crowded with separate souls, but we had best leave them to the pleasure of each other's company; as philosophers, as men, we can have nothing to do with them.

Fichte's book is a wretched compound of exceedingly prosaic Platonism, and of the newest facts furnished by physiology. Pomposity, pretentiousness, and a little dexterous trickery, may succeed in giving to the dreary drivell an appearance of originality; it is only shallow persons on whom it can impose. We are grieved that good Mr. Morell is profoundly impressed by it. Commonplaces oracularly uttered and seasoned with scientific jargon and puerile paradoxes take away his breath with astonishment and admiration. He is obliged to gasp in imperfect accents his amazement and praise. Big words are Mr. Morell's weakness: what may be their meaning, or whether they have any, is a minor affair. Now big words abound in German philosophy, and the bigger the words the smaller is always the meaning. To a superstitious sesquipedalianist like Mr. Morell, the clumsy construction, the decasyllabic drowsiness, the guttural grunt, and the drunken stagger of a German sentence are in themselves an overwhelming apocalypse. Why should he bother himself to ask what the huge, dropsical thing carries on its back?

Being unfortunately critics, which means honest judges, we cannot be quite so courteous and complying toward Mr. Morell as he is toward the German metaphysical sentences. We are obliged to look at the meaning as an important part of the matter; nay, if Mr. Morell would pardon us, we should insist that it was the main part thereof. For instance, what are we to understand by the assertion that the soul exists *potentially* before it is brought under organic conditions, but that only in virtue of those conditions can it be raised into the region of consciousness? That the present is a necessary evolution from the past, or that the germ of everything in the present was hidden in the past, or that everything incarnates an idea as it incarnates a vitality of God, or that everything can be created by the opulent and omnipotent hand of God, we admit. These are not exceedingly wonderful propositions, but they have the merit of being indubitable, as they have also, we trust, the farther merit of being intelligible. What is gained, however, by converting such inoffensive truisms into the idiotic monstrosities which Mr. Morell so idiotically adores? Declare that you can get a dinner at the "Cheshire Cheese" by paying for it—you are simply a hungry mortal wanting a dinner. Declare that a dinner potentially exists for you at the "Cheshire Cheese" before it can be brought under eatable conditions—one, that the steak should be broiled; another, that you have the money to pay for it; but that only in virtue of those conditions can it be raised into the region of cookery—declare this, and you are the profoundest of sages.

Organic conditions are a serious obstruction and sad perplexity to poor Mr. Morell. He would like to be a soap-bubble, a perfume, a zephyr, the shadow of the shadow of a cherub, something quintessential and delicate! His volumes are all advertisements for the situation of light porter under some archangelical hierarchy. Flesh and blood he abhors; he is always smelling them, like the giants whom Jack the Giant-killer had to deal with. It is said that more of Heaven can be seen from the moon than from the earth; Mr. Morell yearns for this lunar privilege. The moon may be an uncomfortable region to dwell in; the silence may be only broken by the echo of spectral chasm to spectral chasm: but then how immense the compensation to observe somewhat more closely and clearly the

objects scattered in space, to have a subtler contact both with the visible and the invisible, by being the Spirit, not the Man, in the Moon. In this work a prodigious fuss is made about the pre-conscious states of the soul. So tiresome does this grow, that we heartily wish that Fichte, jun. and Mr. Morell had never escaped from the pre-conscious states; then we should have been saved some very foolish and feeble pages. What, in sum and substance, is the doctrine of pre-consciousness? That there is a good deal more in little babies than their nurses suspect. We believe that poetry, religion, and universal human experience have often said the same thing before: if the doctrine is new in Germany, it has long been known in England. That in the everlasting developments of nature the conscious invariably marches from the sacred and secret realm of the unconscious, that the unconscious is often the diviner of the two, who except a rabid rationalist would deny? This, however, does not satisfy Fichte, jun. and his English disciple. As we find ugly masses of frog-spawn in the ponds, so there are immense heaps of soul-spawn floating about in the air—agglomerates of potential ghostlets! Delightful, elevating creed! which rejected, the sublime hope and the estatic vision of immortality tragically vanish! We are almost sorry to rob Mr. Morell of his bits of soul-spawn. He gloats on them; he looks as if he could almost gobble them; he is as happy and yet as miserable as a boy in a pastry-cook's shop who can eat no more.

Has it then come to this? Is Immortality—that spontaneous hallowing of the unseen even in the rudest breast; is Immortality—that noble faith which science, false or true, can neither confirm nor weaken, can neither make darker nor brighter—dependent on the crazy conceit that small, invisible blubber-balloons, each point therein the prison of a potentiality, are continually circulating a few yards above our head? God's world is a solid world; for this very reason it is a spiritual world. The more we feel it to be a solid world, the more we discern and have cheering commune with those vital forces which transfuse, and clothe, and adorn it. It is to those vital forces that we with childlike joy entrust Immortality, armed as we are with the conquering conviction that God is not the God of the dead, but the God of the living—that life is ever real, and that death is only apparent. To him who lives in God the Living there is no death; as he worships on the mountains of the Eternal, graves are so far below that he beholds them not. If a whimpering creature pesters us with the asthmatic avowal that the thralldom of the soul to physical conditions drives him to despair of immortality, we may pity him; but he cannot have healing for his anguish, release from his dread, unless he live in God the Living, unless he ascend to sympathy and identity with the Infinite Life.

It is common in these days for those who can neither be mighty in science and philosophy, nor believe as the people believe, to decry nature, under the pretence of glorifying God. But when they think they have seized the supernatural or preternatural they have simply plunged into the unnatural. It has been easy for millions and millions of men, age after age, to enter, by fervent heart and fruitful phantasy, through the gorgeous vestibule of nature into the paradise beyond. For the sciolist, the dilettante, the psychologist, it may not be easy; we cannot, however, murder nature to gratify him. Fichte, son—alas! most unlike Fichte, father—Mr. Morell, and many more of the weaker brethren, are always hunting for the abnormal, that is to say, the diseased. They disdain to look at a thing unless it is exceptional and eccentric. In the most beautiful districts in England they never would rest till they had seen the county lunatic asylum. A magnificent herd of cattle tranquilly feeding in a meadow they would let the vulgar gaze at, but they would travel half round the globe to form a friendship with a six-legged, three-tailed, or two-headed calf. And yet they would have the impudence to call these vagaries contributions to mental philosophy. All true reverence must begin with reverence of nature. The reverence of nature the ancients possessed in a supreme degree, and it was more than half their wisdom as it was more than half their piety. And through it how accurate and ample was their knowledge! How voices came to them from the woods and the ocean which can never come to us! Among the ancients, not the mariner on the main alone, every one was an astronomer, familiar with every star, with every group of stars. Among the ancients every one learned for himself; the more an idealist, the more he had of battle with the elements. To Nature we must return; to Nature, Nature herself will compel us to return. When philosophers are traitors to philosophy, Nature converts the people into philosophers. Humanity would perish if there were not wild men; it is not the tame men who would keep humanity from going down. Nature has two great commandments: the first is, that men should taste all the repasts she, living and loving, offers; the second is, that they should veil their faces before all her mysteries. He is the perfect man who from childhood, from the hour when he earliest knew how venerable a father and mother are, has done both. Asceticism is a sin: a morbid curiosity in what relates to Nature the beautiful, to God the adorable, is a sin and a curse too. That morbid curiosity springs from the idolatry of mind—the world's last, worst, most wicked idolatry. What is grandest in German philosophy—and much is grand—we, in countless fashions, have gratefully welcomed. But what is utterly to be anathematised in German philosophy is its attempt to picture God as Absolute Reason. God is either that Father in heaven



to whom Christ taught the youngest and the oldest of our race to pray, and to whom Christ—the Son of God, the Son of Man—himself prayed; or he is Life, boundless, bounteous, most blessing and blest. Delineate, demonstrate him as Absolute Reason, and we shrink terrified away. God the Father, God the Life, immense and ineffable, to Thee let us draw near. Thou wilt teach us to be humble, if the audacious dreams of a delirious philosophy would teach us to be proud. May we love Thee as the known! may we kneel to Thee as the unknown! That which is mysterious in ourselves may we seek not to touch or to gaze at, lest we should dishonour the mysterious in Thee! Show us that there is no Holy of Holies for him who hath not a Holy of Holies in his own being.

ARTICUS.

## VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

*A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions.* By Captain M'CINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. London: John Murray. pp. 403.

OF THE GREAT QUESTION OF ARCTIC DISCOVERY. Of the devotion with which brave pioneers of science and of civilisation have laid down their lives for the cause, and of the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions, so much has been said and so much written, that it would be a work of supererogation on our part were we to introduce Captain M'Cintock's with any long peroration. It is sufficient to observe that when Dr. Rae returned in 1854 with an account of the death of a large party of Englishmen near the mouth of the Great Fish River—which party was by sure proofs clearly identified with the missing crews—a large section of the public, with the Government to back them, seemed to treat the question of Franklin's fate as settled, and to have made up their minds that no further trouble ought to be taken about it. When Dr. Rae's statements came to be examined, it was perceived that, far as they undoubtedly went, they were by no means conclusive; that he had evidently derived his information second-hand; and that, assuming most of the story to be true (an assumption which the relics recovered and brought back rendered too probable), there was still no reason to suppose that the party which was reported to have died in that miserable manner comprised all the survivors of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. Having regard to that, it was argued that, so long as there was a chance of one survivor being left in those inhospitable regions whose constitution might have enabled him to withstand the rigour of the climate, and who might have contrived to prolong life among the Esquimaux, there was a duty incumbent upon this country to seek after, and if possible rescue, those who had perilled their lives in her cause, and in the cause of humanity. When, however, it was proposed that Government should send one more expedition upon this errand, for the purpose of clearing up what Dr. Rae had left unexplained, and of ascertaining beyond the shadow of a doubt that no survivor remained, a large section of the press, headed by the *Times*, pronounced strongly against the proposition, and declared that England was not justified in perilling more precious lives upon so hopeless an errand. In consequence of this and of the public feeling thus evoked, a memorial recommending another venture was rejected by the Government, although the signatures to the requisition included the names of some of the most eminent scientific men of the time. This rebuff would have discouraged most people; but it had not that effect upon Lady Franklin. She, like a true and brave wife—and here let us take leave to say that her conduct throughout has been of a nature to make this nation proud that there are among its women characters that may be ranked with the heroines of the world—she, when all seemed to fail her but her own stout heart, and the cheering encouragements of a few firm friends, took a resolution which was worthy of her, and which no one (now that success has crowned the endeavour) can do otherwise than applaud—she resolved to send out an expedition on her own responsibility, and at her own charges. How well and speedily this was effected is known to us all. A subscription in aid of the enterprise brought together nearly three thousand pounds; but that was not one-third of the amount required, and the balance came out of Lady Franklin's own pocket. (Let us hope that the nation will now make it up to her.) The *Fox*, a beautiful steam pleasure yacht built for the late Sir Richard Sutton, was bought and put into a fit state for Arctic navigation. Capt. M'Cintock, who had already distinguished himself in Polar expeditions under Sir James Ross and Captain Austin, and had exhibited qualities of courage, intelligence, and endurance which warranted Lady Franklin in putting the most complete trust in him, was engaged to command the expedition: a small but picked crew was selected; and on the 1st of July 1857 the little vessel—the least of all that had ever started on this great errand—sailed from Aberdeen.

The results of that expedition are narrated in the volume before us. The main facts are, that in the winter of 1857-8 the *Fox* became entangled in that vast moving mass of ice called “the Pack”—the debris of unnumbered icebergs and of glaciers that surround the Pole: in which perilous position the winter was passed, and during eight months of imprisonment, every moment of which was fraught with the most imminent danger, the vessel was drifted back nearly twelve hundred geographical miles. That, with hope and courage not less high than when they started, these brave men renewed their task, and by the next winter established themselves in such a position as to be able to search, by means of sleighing parties, the regions to which

their attention was directed. Finally, that in those searches they came upon the clearest and most undoubted proofs of the fate of Franklin and his crews, with this additional fact, that to those devoted men is due the credit of having first verified the existence of the North-west Passage—that, in fact, they died only after the accomplishment of their purpose. It would be impossible in the space of a short review to dwell upon all the points of interest in this most interesting volume. We shall endeavour, however, to lay before the reader such specimens of Capt. M'Cintock's record as will serve to give a general idea of its effect.

For the credit of Lord Palmerston and his Government, it should be mentioned that, although they were compelled by the pressure of opinion and the opposition of “the authorities” to refuse Lady Franklin's request for a new expedition, they did much to aid and forward the fitting out of the *Fox* for the intended purpose. All the necessary arms, powder, shot, rockets, and signal mortar were furnished by the Board of Ordnance; the Admiralty sent good store of pemmican, that food so invaluable to the Arctic navigator, also ice-gear, charts, chronometers, instruments, a seaman's library, and a variety of valuable stores; the Board of Trade also came forward very handsomely. “Indeed,” says Captain M'Cintock, “I found that I had but to ask of these departments for what was required, and, if in store, it was at once granted.” In addition to this, the Royal Society voted 50*l.* for magnetic instruments, and much private assistance was forthcoming. Offers also of co-operation in another way came in such abundance as to be positively embarrassing to Captain M'Cintock.

Expeditions of this nature are always popular with seamen, and innumerable were the applications sent to me; but still more abundant were the offers to “serve in any capacity” which poured in from all parts of the country, from people of all classes, many of whom had never seen the sea. It was, of course, impossible to accede to any of these latter proposals, yet, for my own part, I could not but feel gratified at such convincing proofs that the spirit of the country was favourable to us, and that the ardent love of hardy enterprise still lives amongst Englishmen, as of old, to be cherished, I trust, as the most valuable of our national characteristics—as that which has so largely contributed to make England what she is.

At length, everything was ready, and the *Fox* sailed,—Lady Franklin and her niece Miss Sophia Cracroft coming on board to bid the brave fellows God speed.

Seeing how deeply agitated she was on leaving the ship, I endeavoured to repress the enthusiasm of my crew, but without avail: it found vent in three prolonged hearty cheers. The strong feeling which prompted them was truly sincere; and this unbidden exhibition of it can hardly have gratified her for whom it was intended more than it did myself.

Brave fellows, said we? To appreciate how brave they were it should be told of how few their band consisted. The muster-roll is given; it is just twenty-six,—including two Esquimaux, enlisted at Greenland, and Carl Petersen, the interpreter, whose name was brought so prominently forward in connection with the expedition of Dr. Kane. A small and necessarily a valliant body, to cope with perils and difficulties under which crews more than ten times their number had succumbed.

But they were off. On the 2nd of July they passed through Pentland Firth; on the 12th they sighted Greenland; on the 31st of the same month they anchored at Godhaven; on the 7th of August they hove-to off Upernivik, “the last letters for home were landed, fourteen dogs and a quantity of seal's flesh for them embarked, and the ship's head was turned seaward.” So high were their hopes at this first plunge into the regions of eternal frost, that Captain M'Cintock actually expected to resolve the problem which had been set him during the ensuing winter. How cruelly he was disappointed in this has been already told. Five days afterwards they were in Melville Bay environed by the “Pack” ice, to be detained in its cold embrace for eight long months.

Would that we could follow them through all the adventures of that long winter; could tell by what brave and skilful experiments they warded off the constant and innumerable perils which surrounded them; could say something of the noble and manly way in which they cheered each other through that gloomy time, and by what ingenious devices they contrived so to pass the time as to keep themselves from desponding and in good health. The constant endeavour, of course, is to get out. That failing, however, there is plenty to be done. Sport is shy, but there are a few birds, and Petersen and Christian are rare fellows after a seal. In spite of the dreary prospect, there is comfort and joy in that little band:

Notwithstanding such a withering blight to my dearest hopes, yet I cannot overlook the many sources of gratification which do exist: we have not only the necessities, but also a fair portion of the luxuries of ordinary sea-life; our provisions and clothing are abundant, and well suited to the climate; our whole equipment, though upon so small a scale, is perfect in its way. We all enjoy perfect health, and the men are most cheerful, willing, and quiet.

Nor was the time spent unprofitably. There were plenty of meteorological and magnetic observations to be made. Clever and always cheerful Dr. Walker opened a school for the men, and reports eight or nine pupils to whom he taught “reading, 'riting, and 'richmetic,” not to mention something about trade-winds and the laws which regulate the atmosphere. All this while the temperature was falling below zero, so that on the 30th of November the thermometer stood at minus 64 degrees. In the beginning of December they suffered their first loss. Poor Robert Scott, the first stoker, fell down into the hold, and of the injuries which he suffered shortly afterwards died. Solemnly and piously they committed him to the deep through a hole

ent in the ice. Still cheering each other up, list how these noble fellows spent their Christmas in "The Pack:"

Our Christmas was a very cheerful merry one. The men were supplied with several additional articles, such as hams, plum-puddings, preserved gooseberries and apples, nuts, sweetmeats, and Barton ale. After Divine service, they decorated the lower deck with flags, and made an immense display of food. The officers came down with me to see their preparations. We were really astonished! Their mess-tables were laid out like the counters in a confectioner's shop, with apple and gooseberry tarts, plum and sponge-cakes in pyramids, besides various other unknown puffs, cakes, and loaves of all sizes and shapes. We bake all our own bread, and excellent it is. In the back-ground were nicely-browned hams, meat-pies, cheeses, and other substantial articles. Rum and water in wine-glasses, and plum-cake, was handed to us. We wished them a happy Christmas, and complimented them on their taste and spirit in getting up such a display. Our silken sledge-banners had been borrowed for the occasion, and were regarded with deference and peculiar pride. In the evening the officers were enticed down amongst the men again; and at a late hour I was requested, as a great favour, to come down and see how much they were enjoying themselves. I found them in the highest good humour with themselves and all the world. They were perfectly sober, and singing songs, each in his turn. I expressed great satisfaction at having seen them enjoying themselves so much and so rationally; I could therefore the better describe it to Lady Franklin, who was so deeply interested in everything relating to them. I drank their healths, and hoped our position next year would be more suitable for our purpose. We all joined in drinking the healths of Lady Franklin and Miss Crocroft; and amid the acclamations which followed I returned to my cabin, immensely gratified by such an exhibition of genuine good feeling, such veneration for Lady Franklin, and such loyalty to the cause of the expedition. It was very pleasant also that they had taken the most cheering view of our future prospects. I verily believe I was the happiest individual on board, that happy evening.

It was not until April had made some progress that the fetters of the ice were unloosed. On the 12th of that month they (to use Captain M'Clintock's expression) "drifted ingloriously out of the Arctic regions, and with very different feelings from those with which we crossed the Arctic circle eight months ago!" Still, however, they were not free; indeed, the sharpest of their perils had yet to be encountered—those arising from the breaking up of the ice. It was after wrestling long, but (under the mercy of God) successfully, with these dangers, that M'Clintock was enabled to write at last.

After yesterday's experience I can understand how men's hair turned grey in a few hours. Had self-reliance been my only support and hope, it is not impossible that I might have illustrated the fact. Under the circumstances I did my best to insure our safety, looked as stoical as possible, and inwardly trusted that God would favour our exertions. What a release ours has been, not only from eight months' imprisonment, but from the perils of that one day! Had our little vessel been destroyed after the ice broke up, there remained no hope for us. But we have been brought safely through, and are all truly grateful, I hope, and believe.

We must hasten onwards, however, to the events of the second winter, when they came at last upon the traces of the lost crews. All the intervening matter is of the deepest interest, and nothing but the necessity of space causes us to pass it by. On the 7th of November 1858, they suffered their second loss, which is thus recorded by the Captain:

Brief as is the interval since my last entry, yet how awful, and, to one of our small company, how fatal it has been! Yesterday Mr. Brand was out shooting as usual, and in robust health; in the evening Hobson sat with him for a little time. Mr. Brand turned the conversation upon our position and employments last year; he called to remembrance poor Robert Scott, then in sound health, and the fact of his having carried our "Guy Fawkes" round the ship on the preceding day twelvemonth; and added mournfully, "Poor fellow! no one knows whose turn it may be to go next." He finished his evening pipe, and shut his cabin door shortly after nine o'clock. This morning, at seven o'clock, his servant found him lying upon the deck, a corpse, having been several hours dead. Apoplexy appears to have been the cause. He was a steady, serious man, under forty years of age, and leaves a widow and three or four children: what their circumstances are I am not aware.

Still they kept up their spirits, and the second Christmas was passed in the Polar Regions creditably enough:

Our Christmas has been spent with a degree of loyalty to the good old English custom, at once spirited and refreshing. All the good things which could possibly be collected together appeared upon the snow-white deal tables of the men, as the officers and myself walked (by invitation) round the lower deck. Venison, beer, and a fresh stock of clay pipes, appeared to be the most prized luxuries. But the variety and abundance of the eatables, tastefully laid out, was such as might well support the delusion which all seemed desirous of imposing upon themselves—that they were in a land of plenty—in fact, *all but* at home! We contributed a large cheese and some preserves, and candles superseded the ordinary smoky lamps. With so many comforts, and the existence of so much genuine good feeling, their evening was a joyous one, enlivened also by songs and music.

Up to this time all their endeavours to come upon the traces of Franklin were in vain; but on the 17th of February 1859, sleighing parties started from the *Fox*, for the purpose of searching over the coast on which Franklin's crews were supposed to have been lost. The pages before us only present us with a record of the adventures which befel the party headed by M'Clintock himself, and it was only that party and the one headed by Lieutenant Hobson that met with anything tending to elucidate Franklin's fate. On the 1st of March they came upon two Esquimaux close to the locality of the Magnetic Pole, and next day were joined by the whole tribe, many of whom had in their possession relics of the lost crews:

Next morning the entire village population arrived, amounting to about forty-five souls, from aged people to infants in arms, and bartering commenced very briskly. First of all we purchased all the relics of the lost expedition, consisting of six silver spoons and forks, a silver medal, the property of Mr. A. M'Donald, assistant surgeon, part of a gold chain, several buttons, and knives made of the iron and wood of the wreck, also bows and arrows constructed of materials obtained from the same source.

This was all that the first sledge-journeys produced to throw light upon the objects of their search. On the 2nd of April, Captain M'Clintock and Lieutenant Hobson each headed another expedition, both of which resulted in discovering and for ever clearing up the fate of Sir John Franklin and his companions. It was on the 7th of May that M'Clintock came upon a village of Esquimaux, some of the inhabitants of which were found to have in their possession silver pieces of plate bearing the crests and initials of Franklin, Crozier, Fairholme, and M'Donald. These were at once purchased by M'Clintock. A wreck was spoken of by these aborigines as lying at a distance of five days' journey, on the western coast of King William Land. They spoke of "books," but said that they had long ago been destroyed by the weather. One old woman of the tribe said that "many of the white men *dropped by the way* as they went to the Great Fish River; that some were buried, and some were not. They were evidently now "hot upon the scent," treading the very shores along which the crews of Franklin had marched in their dreadful struggle after life. About midnight on the 25th of May they came upon a mournful confirmation of the evidence which had been collected.

Shortly after midnight of the 25th May, when slowly walking along a gravel ridge near the beach, which the winds kept partially bare of snow, I came upon a human skeleton, partly exposed, with here and there a few fragments of clothing appearing through the snow. The skeleton—now perfectly bleached—was lying upon its face, the limbs and smaller bones either dismembered or gnawed away by small animals. A most careful examination of the spot was of course made, the snow removed, and every scrap of clothing gathered up. A pocket-book afforded strong grounds for hope that some information might be subsequently obtained respecting the unfortunate owner and the calamitous march of the lost crews, but at the time it was frozen hard. The substances of that which we gleaned upon the spot may thus be summed up:—This victim was a young man, slightly built, and perhaps above the common height; the dress appeared to be that of a steward or officer's servant, the loose bow-knot in which his neck-handkerchief was tied not being used by seamen or officers. In every particular the dress confirmed our conjectures as to his rank or office in the late expedition—the blue jacket with slashed sleeves and braided edging, and the pilot-cloth great-coat with plain covered buttons. We found also a clothes-brush near, and a horn pocket-comb. This poor man seems to have selected the bare ridge top, as affording the least tiresome walking, and to have fallen upon his face in the position in which we found him. It was a melancholy truth that the old woman spoke when she said, "they fell down and died as they walked along."

From the pocket-book, which excited such strong hopes, all the skill of science has been unable to extract any information.

But now at last they were upon the track of the lost ones. About twelve miles from Cape Herschel a cairn was found, in which Lieutenant Hobson, who had preceded M'Clintock, had left an account of the long-sought-for record of the Franklin Expedition which he had discovered at Point Victory. Of this record, and the important conclusions to be derived from it, Captain M'Clintock gives the following account:

That record is indeed a sad and touching relic of our lost friends, and, to simplify its contents, I will point out separately the double story it so briefly tells. In the first place, the record paper was one of the printed forms usually supplied to discovery ships for the purpose of being inclosed in bottles and thrown overboard at sea, in order to ascertain the set of the currents, blanks being left for the date and position; any person finding one of these records is requested to forward it to the Secretary of the Admiralty, with a note of time and place; and this request is printed upon it in six different languages. Upon it was written, apparently by Lieutenant Gore, as follows:—

"28 of May, { H. M. ships *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered in the ice in lat. 1847. 70° 05' N., long. 98° 23' W.

Having wintered in 1846-7 at Beechey Island, in lat. 74° 43' 28" N., long. 91° 39' 15" W., after having ascended Wellington Channel to lat. 77°, and returned by the west side of Cornwallis Island.

"Sir John Franklin commanding the expedition.

"All well.

"Party consisting of 2 officers and 6 men left the ships on Monday 24th May, 1847.

"GM. GORE, Lieut.

"CHAS. F. DES VŒUX, Mate."

There is an error in the above document, namely that the *Erebus* and *Terror* wintered at Beechey Island in 1846-7,—the correct dates should have been 1845-6; a glance at the date at the top and bottom of the record proves this, but in all other respects the tale is told in as few words as possible of their wonderful success up to that date, May 1847. We find that, after the last intelligence of Sir John Franklin was received by us (bearing date of July, 1845) from the whalers in Melville Bay, his expedition passed on to Lancaster Sound, and entered Wellington Channel, of which the southern entrance had been discovered by Sir Edward Parry in 1819. The *Erebus* and *Terror* sailed up that strait for one hundred and fifty miles, and reached in the autumn of 1845 the same latitude as was attained eight years subsequently by H.M.S. *Assistance* and *Pioneer*. Whether Franklin intended to pursue this northern course, and was only stopped by ice in that latitude of 77° north, or purposely relinquished a route which seemed to lead away from the known seas off the coast of America, must be a matter of opinion; but this the document assures us of, that Sir John Franklin's expedition, having accomplished this examination, returned southward from latitude 77° north, which is at the head of Wellington Channel, and re-entered Barrow's Strait by a new channel between Bathurst and Cornwallis Islands. Seldom has such an amount of success been accorded to an Arctic navigator in a single season, and when the *Erebus* and *Terror* were secured at Beechey Island for the coming winter of 1845-6, the results of their first year's labour must have been most cheering. These results were the exploration of Wellington and Queen's Channel, and the addition to our charts of the extensive lands on either hand. In 1846 they proceeded to the south-west, and eventually reached within twelve miles of the north extreme of King William's Land, when their progress was arrested by the approaching winter of 1846-7. That winter appears to have passed without any serious loss of life; and when in the spring Lieutenant Gore leaves with a party for some especial purpose, and very probably to connect the unknown coast line of King William's Land between Point Victory and Cape Herschel, those on board the *Erebus* and *Terror* were "all well," and the gallant Franklin still commanded. But, alas! round the margin of the paper upon which Lieutenant Gore in 1847 wrote those words of hope and promise, another hand had subsequently written the following words:—



"April 25, 1848.—H. M. ships *Terror* and *Erebus* were deserted on the 22nd April, 5 leagues N.N.W. of this, having been beset since 12th September, 1846. The officers and crews, consisting of 105 souls, under the command of Captain F. R. M. Crozier, landed here in lat. 69° 37' 42" N., long 98° 41' W. Sir John Franklin died on the 11th June, 1847; and the total loss by deaths in the expedition has been to this date 9 officers and 15 men.

(Signed)

"F. R. M. CROZIER,  
"Captain and Senior Officer.

(Signed)

"JAMES FITZJAMES,  
"Captain H.M.S. *Erebus*.

"and start (on) to-morrow, 26th, for Back's Fish River."

This marginal information was evidently written by Captain Fitzjames, excepting only the note stating when and where they were going, which was added by Captain Crozier. There is some additional marginal information relative to the transfer of the document to its present position (viz., the site of Sir James Ross's pillar) from a spot four miles to the northward, near Point Victory, where it had been originally deposited by the late Commander Gore. This little word *late* shows us that he too, within the twelvemonth, had passed away. In the short space of twelve months how mournful had become the history of Franklin's expedition; how changed from the cheerful "All well" of Graham Gore! . . . A sad tale was never told in fewer words. There is something deeply touching in their extreme simplicity, and they show in the strongest manner that both the leaders of this retreating party were actuated by the loftiest sense of duty, and met with calmness and decision the fearful alternative of a last bold struggle for life, rather than perish without effort on board their ships; for we well know that the *Erebus* and *Terror* were only provisioned up to July, 1848.

Here, then, was the solution of the whole mystery. Franklin is dead; the survivors perished miserably; but they first discovered the North-West Passage! Let there be no doubt about that for the future.

We have no space to trace the homeward steps of McClintock and his brave companions from the cairn on Cape Herschel before which they stood about the end of last May; nor need we dwell upon the melancholy description of the abandoned boat—another relic of the lost expedition, with its two skeletons, heaps of clothing, and affecting relics of the departed. On the 19th of June McClintock's party was once more on board the *Fox*, and on the 9th of August they made their escape from their icy prison, arriving in the English Channel on the 20th of September. It is a wonderful fact, and strangely illustrative of the spirit of the times, that this voluminous and interesting account of an Arctic Expedition should be before the public little more than four months after its departure from the immediate neighbourhood of the Pole.

And so it has come to pass that private enterprise, inspired by the faithful heart of a loving wife, has done that which a powerful Government, backed by all the appliances at their command, laboured for in vain. The mysterious curtain which obscured the fate of Franklin and his crew is raised at last, the dark mist of Arctic gloom has been blown aside, and the truth is known to all the world. There is a lesson in this, and Lady Franklin has much to be proud of.

Of the book itself we can but say that it is the log-book of a frank, brave, noble-hearted sailor, who writes from the eloquence of his heart, and lets fine deeds stand in the stead of fine words. Modesty, the handmaid of true courage, is conspicuous throughout.

### FICTION.

*The Home and the Priest: an Italian Tale.* By GIROLAMO VOLPE.  
London: T. C. Newby. 3 vols. pp. 896.

BUT FOR ONE CIRCUMSTANCE, we should be inclined to pass this novel over with a few words; firstly, because we have a dislike to what are called religious or controversial novels, and, secondly, because it is one of those one-sided pictures which refract the truth and produce a thousand distorted caricatures instead of one pure image. The one reason why we are disposed to treat it with more ceremony is, that it comes in a manner recommended to us by the honoured name of Leigh Hunt. Signor Girolamo Volpe was known to the veteran bard and critic, and submitted to him his novel in MS., which drew forth the following criticism: "I think the work interesting, the exhibition in particular of some of the passions masterly." High praise this, and from so good a judge. It remains to be seen, however, whether this was the *dictum* of the stern literary judge or of the good-natured friend. Let us test this by another word of praise from the same source: "I was particularly struck," writes Mr. Leigh Hunt, "with the manifestation of the Chaplain's fury over the dead body of the Marchioness." We turn to the lauded scene and read:

He (the Chaplain) seeks around, raises the coverlid, and finds another fragment—he seizes it wildly and reads it. He does not yet clearly discern the sense of it; but the estate of Terranuova is mentioned. Suspicion begins to assume the formidable aspect of certainty. Who can express the anguish of his heart at that moment? The rage of avarice now burns in his breast with the same fury that love had done before; another foe had entered his heart to torment him in a different manner. With uncontrollable fury he tears the covering from the corpse to search for other papers—he turns over the body, never heeding the probability of any one entering the room and witnessing the profane indecency. He finds another scrap of paper. In fearful anxiety, his eye runs over it, but he is too bewildered to make it out at first. By a violent effort he succeeds in reading it, and learns his doom;—he has lost all. An ill-repressed howl escapes him. He looks again on the face of the corpse, over which he had replaced the covering. He utters an imprecation; but death seems to deride him. A horrible temptation assails him. He clenches his hand in furious rage to deal a blow upon that rigid face; but the dead body offered no resistance, and he allowed his arm to fall heavily down by his side. An insane idea seizes him. He will become a robber. Don Giuseppe, that proud and lofty soul, a robber! He resolves, before the legal functionaries arrive to affix their seals, to rifle boxes and drawers, and lay hands on concealed treasures. He

knows the Marchioness kept large sums of gold by her, and he will possess himself of the rich booty and laugh to scorn the living and the dead.

Surely Mr. Hunt must have been "poking his fun" at his friend from Italy when he selected this scene (worthy of the old Cobourg in its days of rawest heads and bloodiest bones) for special eulogy.

Like all novelists of extreme views, the Signor Volpe will have no half measures. All his enemies must be endowed not only with the ugliest moral vices, but the most hideous physical ones into the bargain. Here, for example, are the outer peculiarities of a Vicar-General of the Roman Catholic Church:

He was bald, with the exception of a few white hairs which stood up bristly like thorns upon a rock. His head was enormously large, and his cranium knotted and irregular. The organs of destructiveness and cruelty must have been very amply developed, for it would have been difficult to believe that those enormous protuberances (harmonising wonderfully with the grim countenance) could indicate gentle and holy dispositions. His nostrils were widely distended over his very wide face, which resembled the big *bas reliefs* ornamenting the portals of ancient palaces. He had large yellow eyes of cruel and cunning expression, like those of a hyena. Numerous small semicircular wrinkles, running at the corners of the eyes, as if they were inclosed by a parenthesis, seemed to impart the look of a malicious and astute smile. Several deeply-indented horizontal lines crossed his forehead, and these, with the practice of perpetually raising his eyebrows, gave him a vulgar expression of cruelty and low cunning. His teeth were large, black, and irregular; his lips underwent the most unpleasant contortions every time he spoke, not from a convulsive movement, but only from habit. His skin was rough, and like leather. His right leg and arm were shorter than the left, and a limping gait added to the grace of this type of priestly beauty.

A Bishop is still more hideous; "his face is wrinkled, the mouth falls in, the gums are toothless;" so that we are not disposed to deny that he merits the appellation of "old ape." Such a *lusus nature* as a good-looking prelate seems quite out of the question; and if we are to follow this reasoning of the Signor Volpe, his Holiness the Pope must be a miracle of ugliness.

One very curious feature in this book is the multiplicity of chapters it contains. We have taken the trouble to count them, and there are exactly one hundred and forty-five, which gives an average of about six pages and a quarter to each chapter. But some chapters consist of only one page. Frequently a single scene is cut up into many chapters, and one idea not un seldom furnishes material for several. Thus a succession of chapters in the second volume is headed: "Two years have elapsed, and the waves of opinion roll on unceasingly." The next is entitled "Two years have elapsed—Consequences of a disease of the heart." Then comes "Two years have elapsed for the just as well as the unjust;" and finally, "Two years have passed, and not uneventfully for the secondary personages of the Drama." After reading this book with every disposition to treat it kindly, we really cannot indorse Mr. Hunt's opinion that it will be "extremely welcome to our countrymen in general."

*A Life Struggle.* By Miss PARDOE, Author of "Louis XIV. and the Court of France in the Eighteenth Century," "Life of Francis I., King of France," &c. 2 vols. London: L. Booth. 1859.

MISS PARDOE can scarcely be said in the volumes before us to have shown the same skill in dealing with a purely fictitious narrative that she has previously brought to bear upon the historical episodes which she has selected for illustration. The texture of the plot of "A Life-Struggle" is of the flimsiest possible materials; the same old hackneyed and stilted terms that did good duty of yore in the pages of the Minerva Press are, unfortunately, re-enlisted in these volumes when a person or place has to be described; and in more than one passage sentiments are expressed which, if they came under the notice of that rigid censor of morals, Mr. Thackeray, he could not, were he even in his most merciful mood, fail to stigmatise as savouring not a little of snobbery. In a word, we feel bound to say that "A Life-Struggle" is quite unworthy of the reputation which Miss Pardoe has earned for herself in the arena of literature.

Let us examine the plot of these volumes. The first personages introduced to our notice are a young gentleman and his sister, who bear the aristocratic name of Greville, and who are the wards of a certain Earl of Ravenswood. This Earl, whose fortune is scarcely adequate to his birth, lodges in a house hired from a very wealthy and accomplished widow lady named Mrs. Heathcote. Mrs. Heathcote has a daughter who, like King Cophetua's beggar-maid, is "more beautiful than day;" and, by a very natural process, the handsome and poor Mr. Greville makes love to the handsome and rich Miss Heathcote, and his suit is perfectly successful as far as the young lady is concerned. Mrs. Heathcote knows nothing of the mutual love that exists between her daughter and the ward of her titled lodger, but purposes that the former shall become a countess by marrying the elderly Earl of Ravenswood. She determines to get Mr. Greville to assist her in bringing about this match; and this she does by showing him a forged bill for 4000*l.*, which she had received from his supposed father. He promises to aid her, and she burns the bill in order to have a firmer hold upon Mr. Greville's honour. This gentleman shortly afterwards comes into a large fortune, and pays the money due to Mrs. Heathcote, but does not think it honourable to confess the love which he bears her daughter. The latter, disgusted with the freak of her lover, whose motives she is, of course, utterly unable to fathom, marries Lord Ravenswood. The greater portion of the remaining pages is taken up with describing the miseries of Lady Ravenswood and Mr. Greville; and just as they are preparing to elope Mr. Greville discovers that his real father is Lord

Ravenswood, and not the forger of the bill. For Mr. Greville himself we can only feel the most profound contempt: half a dozen words to Mrs. Heathcote (who is described as a most indulgent mother) would have, in all probability, made him a happy man, and saved him from moaning and maundering throughout several hundred pages of type. This, however, is not the only time when the hero of the novel plays the fool: in the duel which takes place between him and one Arthur Willoughby, and after it, he acts with an imbecility well worthy of the man who has made himself miserable for life without rhyme or reason.

We objected also to Miss Pardoe's mode of describing persons, if not things. Mr. Greville is "tall and stately as a young pine," "with deep blue eyes, auburn hair curling in heavy masses about his lofty forehead, and the profile of an Antinous," &c. Miss Greville's "beautiful lip curls scornfully" without apparently the slightest reason. Miss Heathcote's beauty is described as "something almost spirit-like; her large and lustrous eyes gleamed like stars, her bloodless brow wore the tint of alabaster, and her languid form was statuesque in its faultless proportions," &c. &c. There is a vast deal of this fine writing scattered about in these pages, which might perhaps be pardoned in a young lady in her teens, penning her first rhapsody for some annual doomed to a speedy and well-deserved death.

Lastly—and this is to us the most offensive fault in the book—Miss Pardoe writes occasionally in the spirit of that ardent young admirer of the aristocracy who, in "David Copperfield," assured an admiring audience that he would much rather be knocked down by a man who had good blood in his veins than picked up by one who was without the aristocratic qualification. In the second page we learn that "a well-modulated voice" and "grace of bearing" are "only to be attained by contact with the best society." Mr. Greville's "whole appearance was indicative of high birth, elegance," &c. We have ourselves heard persons speak with perfectly "well-modulated voices" who have never even set eyes upon a lord, living or dead; and we have seen with our own eyes dukes and eke duchesses who, despite their high birth, could hardly be called elegant.

Mrs. Heathcote is described as a lady, both by birth and education, who marries a merchant of large fortune:

True to his system of economy, the Earl had no town residence, but had, for several seasons, occupied a furnished house belonging to a widow lady of great wealth, who, with her only daughter, were his near neighbours. As the husband of Mrs. Heathcote had acquired his large fortune in commerce, she, with a delicate sense of self-respect, forbore to force her acquaintance upon her noble tenant, although it may be admitted that she greatly coveted the friendship of the elegant and accomplished Enna for her beautiful Laura, whose education had been completed under her own watchful care, and who she knew to be well worthy of such companionship.

This "delicate sense of self-respect," which the lady entertains for a bankrupt earl because her fortune has been acquired in commerce, is quite touching in its comical snobbery.

We regret to have had to speak thus of a book which is quite unworthy of Miss Pardoe's reputation as a writer.

*Our Uncle the Traveller's Stories.* By MRS. FRANCES BROWNE. W. Kent and Co. pp. 138.—A capital and varied collection of tales for young people.

*A Christmas Hamper.* By MARK LEMON. Routledge. pp. 171.—This Christmas hamper is filled with a collection of tales by the editor of *Punch*. The best of the series, and also the shortest, is "Uncle John's Christmas Visit"—an amusing account of the mishaps that befell an innocent rustic among the rogues of London. The frontispiece is, we are told, "the first published example of an electro-block, or printing surface, made from a larger engraving without the intervention of draughtsman or engraver." As a first specimen it may be satisfactory; but it is certain that the process must be greatly improved before it can meet with general adoption.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*My Diary in India in the Year 1858-9.* By WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D., Special Correspondent of the *Times*. Routledge, Warne and Routledge. 2 vols. pp. 828.

MR. RUSSELL, or, as we suppose we ought to call him, Dr. Russell, has acted very wisely in making his long-expected work on India a simple publication of his "Diary," carefully revised and edited. With his quick eye for externals, his great power of seizing the salient points of a scene, whether it be a battle-field or the interior of a railway-carriage; with his ready social tact in forming intimacies and eliciting information; with his graphic, animated, picturesque and pleasant style—the famous correspondent of the *Times* is emphatically a reporter in the highest sense of the word. That Mr. Russell is also a reformer, and that he has given a very decided impulse to the improvement of our military administration, is also true; but his work in this way has been more indirect than direct. It was by being descriptive, not by being didactic, that he produced the good which undeniably flowed from his celebrated Crimean letters; and we are happy to see that no foolish ambition to become an "authority on Indian affairs" has seduced him away from the mode of composition in which he shines unrivalled. Mr. Russell succeeds in giving to reality the charm of fiction, and he is not only a much more amusing, but a much more useful writer, than if he were to pen elaborate disquisitions after the manner of a Quarterly Reviewer. A graphic and faithful delineation of an incident, a group, an interior, may in the long run contribute more to the cause even of practical

reform than a pamphlet or a volume crammed full of lifeless data and dry deductions. In the case of India, what we want most of all, as a help to the solution of the grave problem before us, is an animated picture of the varied phenomena of its life, material, social, religious, and intellectual. The parliamentary shelves of our libraries groan beneath the weight of blue books on India, of innumerable returns, and voluminous reports of commissions and committees; yet, we are confident, the whole parliamentary literature of the subject has afforded no such real insight into Indian grievances, and the proper remedies for them, as was the result of the one or two graphic sketches of an indigo-planter's estate and "the back-slums" of Calcutta, dashed off in the Indian letters which Mr. Wingrove Cooke, on his way back from China, sent to his employers of the *Times*. A description of a bad road may be infinitely more useful than a pompous essay on the "benefits of a system of internal communication," and a picture of a school at its lessons outweigh, in its practical suggestiveness, a stately treatise on the philosophy of education. To those who read them aright, Mr. Russell's volumes are full of valuable elucidations of the Indian problem. Nor need we say, after his Indian letters in the *Times*, that for those who read only for amusement a varied and pleasant banquet is here provided. From descriptions of hill-life at Simlah to battle-pieces like that of Bareilly, there are sketches of India and the Indians under every conceivable aspect, in these two delightful volumes. Mr. Russell's style and gifts of graphic presentation are too well appreciated to stand in need of praise or even of mention. We may only point out that to a writer of his school, the form of the Diary presents unusual advantages; and the use of the personal pronoun, for which he modestly bespeaks indulgence in his preface, is never unwelcome when, as in this case, it is made the vehicle of animated description, graphic narrative, and interesting anecdote.

Nothing new, it might be thought, could be made of the overland route, with a description of which the work opens; but even here there is much not only of amusing writing, but a good deal that is fresh and novel. Mr. Russell can draw upon the past, too, when the present fails him, or is too hackneyed for treatment. At Malta, he did not see the late Lord Lyons, who was in great affliction at the loss of a relative; but he communicates the important fact, as formerly narrated to him by Lord Lyons himself, that only at his Lordship's pressing instance did Lord Raglan and Sir Richard Airey give up the idea which after the famous action of the 28th October they had resolved on, the evacuation of Balaklava. "Good God!" said Lord Lyons, as he himself reported his speech to Mr. Russell,

"'Good God!' I exclaimed, 'do reconsider this decision! Why, if you give up Balaklava, how will you feed your army, or land your ammunition and your siege material?' I urged his Lordship strongly; and at last I said, that if he let me I would engage to hold Balaklava with my own men, and Lord Raglan yielded—the orders were countermanded, and our position saved.

The following, from the same conversation, is even more interesting and important. Mr. Sidney Herbert, it may be remembered, in answer to the question "Why have spared Odessa?" once replied that the order for its bombardment had been actually signed, but that Lord Palmerston interfered to stay execution. Mr. Russell does not allude to this circumstance; but how significant, when taken in connection with it, is the account which he received from Lord Lyons of the real cause of the rescue of Odessa:

He used to complain greatly of the way in which he was hampered by the French, whose vigilance as to joint operation amounted to an annoying surveillance. "I can't so much as send out a gunboat with my mails but *mon cher amiral* telegraphs to ask me where she is going to, and what her errand is." But when off Odessa for the second time he gave great credit to the Emperor for his sagacity. The Admirals telegraphed to their Governments for instructions as to a bombardment of Odessa. Sir James Graham telegraphed, "Don't, unless you think you will succeed." The Emperor returned the answer, "I am radically opposed to an attack." "And," said Sir Edmund, "the Emperor's quite right—that's a proper sort of answer. How the deuce is a man to attempt a thing and be sure of succeeding? Who can tell what may happen?" The Admiral's opinion, however, was, very decidedly, that a bombardment of Odessa would be a failure. No doubt great damage could be done to parts of the town, but the houses are incombustible; and those parts of the town which could be damaged are private residences or stores, and inconsiderable government stores, whilst from their position it would scarce be possible to silence the guns of the petty defences altogether; and if the Russians could have fired but one gun as we withdrew, they would have claimed the credit of beating us off.

This, if we mistake not, is a valuable piece of secret history.

We must not pause over the lively and most amusing descriptions of Alexandria and Cairo, the railway journey to Suez, or hotel-life at Aden; only indicating that Mr. Russell notes, *à propos* of French influence in Egypt and the Gallicising process which it is undergoing, that, while Nelson and Abercrombie are forgotten there, "all the bazaars are full of portraits of Bonaparte and Kleber, the Battle of the Pyramids, and other bad copies of the pictures at Versailles." Forward to Point-de-Galle, to Madras and Calcutta. Mr. Russell had at once an interview with Lord Canning, who went at great length with him into the position of affairs, and promised him an introduction to Sir Colin Campbell; even adding, for the guidance of this "gentleman of the press," that if the "chief" refused him harbourage, he might certainly accompany the head-quarters of Jung Bahadoor with the British Commissioner. It was the first time that Mr. Russell had seen the Governor-General; but he would have known him anywhere, he thinks, from the strong resemblance to George Canning. The *Times*' Correspondent thus sketches the impression of Lord Canning's intellectual character left on him by his intercourse with a statesman whose merits have been the subject of fierce controversy:





John Murray

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In this and subsequent conversation that evening on the subject of the mutinies, the causes of them, the extent of the atrocities perpetrated by the sepoys, the stories of mutilations and outrage, the Governor-General evinced a remarkable analytical power, an ability of investigation, a habit of appreciating and weighing evidence, a spirit of justice and moderation, and a judicial turn of mind, which made a deep impression upon me. His opinions once formed seem "inébranlables;" and his mode of investigation, abhorrent from all intuitive impulses, and dreading, above all things, quick decision, is to pursue the forms of the strictest analysis, to pick up every little thorn on the path, to weigh it, to consider it, and then to cast it aside or to pile it with its fellows; to go from stone to stone, strike them and sound them, and at last, on the highest point of the road, to fix a sort of granite pedestal declaring that the height is so-and-so, and the view so-and-so—so firm and strong that all the storm and tempest of the world may beat against it and find it immovable. But man's life is not equal to the execution of many tasks like these; such obelisks so made and founded, though durable, cannot be numerous.

Searching inquiry, we may add, convinced Mr. Russell that there was not the slightest reliable evidence in support of the numerous stories of sepoy mutilation of our countrywomen. Before we leave Calcutta we must give at least one of Mr. Russell's lively sketches of men and manners in the City of Palaces. The scene is the Rotten-row or Bois de Boulogne of Calcutta, its famous Esplanade. The time is evening, when, in those latitudes, as in the "Ancient Mariner," at one stride comes the dark. All the world is abroad to take the air, rather a hot one, although it is January:

It really was little more than ten minutes from the time we got on the course, ere the darkness to me destroyed all the attractions of what, for a brief period, was a very interesting and novel scene. But imagine a drive in the dark—not twilight—but darkness so profound, that lamps must be lighted to prevent collision. For the ten minutes or so it was a very gay, a very curious, but not a very satisfactory or assuring sight. I think the most stern and patrician of Roman consuls must have something of an uneasy feeling when he saw the plebeians in the Via Sacra, presuming to walk forth in purple and fine linen among the offspring and relatives of the Conscripser Fathers. But here on this esplanade, or race-course, or corso—whatever it is—there is something more than such pretentious equality. It is, that there is such insult offered as the arrogance of the most offensive aristocracy—that of complexion—can invent to those who by no means admit themselves to be the plebeians of the race. See: there is a feeble young man dressed in white, with a gilded velvet cap in his hand, trying to drive a vehicle, which looks like a beehive, from the cluster of his attendants on all points of it. That is Chuck-el-head Doss, the great little young Bengal merchant, the inheritor of old Head Doss's money, and the acceptor of the less doubtful gain of a Germano-Hindoo-Christian philosophy, which teaches him that, after all, whatever is best, and that the use of the senses is the best development of the inner man. Is he a bit nearer to us because he abjures Vishnu, accepts Providence, and thinks our avatar very beautiful? Ask "Who he is." "He's one of those nigger merchants—a cheeky set of fellows, and d—d blackguards all of them." Then there is a morose old man in a chariot drawn by four horses, with two well-dressed fellows with their backs to the horses, outriders, and runners, and a crowd of servants. He is a handsome, worn-out-looking man, with a keen eye, lemon-coloured face and gloves, dressed in rich shawls and curious silks. Who is he? A few Europeans bow to him. "He is the Rajah of Chose—a great rascal. None of us know him; and they say the Company were jockeyed in giving him such an allowance." You feel some historic interest when you are shown Tipoo Sultan's son and grandson; but your friend is too busy looking at Mrs. Jones to give much information on these points, or to direct your attention to anything so commonplace (to him) as the appearance of some natives on the course. And, indeed, to tell the truth, the pretty fair face of Mrs. Jones is, perhaps, better worth looking at, in the abstract, than those bedizenized natives. Still it is striking, for the first time, at all events—but I suppose the impression soon dies away—to see the metaphysical Mahratta ditch which separates the white people, not only from the natives, but from the Eurasians. They drive and ride in the same throng, apparently quite unconscious of each other's presence.

There was no need, as all the world knows, for Mr. Russell to seek refuge in the camp of our "faithful ally," Jung Bahadoor—who, by the way, insisted, it seems, on taking the advice of the British Commissioner not only on military and political affairs, but on certain domestic relations, a bare allusion to which must have excited the horror of the stern Presbyterian Scotchman. Sir Colin Campbell that was, Lord Clyde that is, received the newspaper correspondent not only courteously, but kindly. He offered him the most exact information, on one condition, readily assented to by the gentleman of the press, namely, that the news imparted to him should be reserved for the ear and eye of Europe, and not retailed in the camp itself. The capture of Lucknow, and the operations which preceded and followed it, may be passed over, as they have been in some measure already chronicled by Mr. Russell in his published letters to the *Times*. Only let it be recorded that Lord Canning's famous Oude proclamation gave, according to the *Diarist*, universal dissatisfaction in the camp; and that the gallant Peel, fast hastening to the grave, expressed his joy at the newly-received tidings of the defeat of Lord Palmerston on the Conspiracy Bill. In a conversation with Mr. Russell on the possibility of a war with France, the brave sailor said "he had a plan of attacking Cherbourg by floating batteries, strongly parapetted and gabioned, which he was sure would succeed." At the subsequent battle of Baireilly, Mr. Russell, already suffering from a severe injury in the leg, was fairly put *hors de combat* by a sunstroke. There was no help for it but to retire to the hills, and their social metropolis, Simlah. Hill-life, with its hunting-parties and visits to out-of-the-way castles and sequestered villages (when the invalid was better), is capitally sketched. Our space will allow of only one extract, descriptive of a Hindoo castle in the seclusion of a Himalayan valley. Mr. Russell was accompanying Lord William Hay, the Deputy Commissioner of the Hill States, and during their excursion they received a visit from the Rana of Jubbul, who came out to meet them "borne in a tray"—"a young man with a fair handsome face, exceedingly like that of the great Napoleon, large fine eyes, delicate moustache, plump full lips,

and a small mouth." As in duty bound, the Europeans, official and non-official, returned the Rana's visit on a rainy September afternoon:

When we went to pay our return visit to the Rana it was still raining. Some of us rode, others walked in long boots through the mud. It was a curious scene when we got near to the Castle—the bedraggled servants creeping out of the holes in the outer walls, and dressing up to welcome us. Old warders blew wheezing notes on cows' horns from the tops of the castle-turrets. And indeed, in point of civilisation, the manners and customs of the castle were probably more delicate and nice than those of the Normans in their early pasturage on our English meadows. The old towers were tremulous with age, patched here and there with old brick-work, or ill-contrived mendings of rude masonry, as though the stranger were striving to render some deserted stronghold of his enemy habitable. Imagine a frontage like the wall of old Newgate, with lofty three-story towers at the angles, and a high gateway with clock-towers—if there were such things as clock-towers in these benighted regions—in the centre, and similar walls at the sides (except where a great breach had been made by time, or a landslide), inclosing a square with towers at the angles; an inner court ill-paved with rough stones, when you have passed through the deep gateway, half closed by a massive iron-clamped gate surrounded by two-storied ranges of buildings, with carved verandahs running all round at the level of the dining-rooms, and latticed balconies protected by wooden roofs richly carved and provided with dragon-mouthed tin spouts from which the rain dashed with its dull music into the courtyard. Fill all the glassless windows of the lower stories with the male servantry summoned to do homage by the blast of the cows' horns and making mops and mows at us. See on the centre balcony the Rana in his white robes, surrounded by his little court, and then at the sight of the Burra Sahib descending a long-legged staircase to receive him and his friends, and then fill the air with rain-drowned husky shouts of "Long live the Rana!" "Welcome the Sahiba, lords of the world!" and fancy the affable Saxons giving their wet macintoshes to prime ministers and lords in waiting to carry, and you may realise the scene which was presented by the Rana's castle when we rode up to return his visit.

Returning, in a measure convalescent, to the camp, Mr. Russell made the acquaintance of our unmistakably faithful ally, the well-known Rajah of Putteallah, whose capital, Umballah, he describes as being as large as Dublin. In relation to this Rajah, Mr. Russell takes occasion to ask what would have become of our Indian empire had this Prince, too, been exasperated against us previously to the mutiny, by the annexation of his states? Had he risen, our communications with the Punjab must have been cut off, and all the exertions of Sir John Lawrence, which, with the Rajah of Putteallah's aid, led to the fall of Delhi, would have been fruitless, and our empire in India must have gone. Yet, with his usual candour, Mr. Russell refrains from trumpeting the superior advantages of native rule, and frankly confesses that, although he "looked with all his eyes," they "failed to detect any difference between the villagers and the natives in the Rajah's territories and those in the dominions of the Company, except that the former were a little better clad than the latter."

Making his way back to Lord Clyde's camp, the *Times* correspondent accompanied the army, employed in "pacifying" Oude, as far as the Nepaulese frontier, which was reached at the opening of 1859. His task was now accomplished, and, after a short stay at Lucknow, he left India, "probably never to see it more," in the early summer of last year. The impression produced upon his mind by the external aspects of India was one of decay. Once he makes the remark, worth a volume of disquisition: "It has never yet been my fortune to look at a new native house, or even a middle-aged one." On the policy which does and should regulate our government of India Mr. Russell abstains from enlarging in leading-article style. But evidently, from a hundred instances, the result of his personal observation, and jotted down as they met his eye, he has been deeply impressed by the needless disregard of native feelings and prejudices, and the causeless and wanton cruelty inflicted on native inferiors by English officers and civil servants, especially those of tenderer years. Improvement there may be; but certainly Mr. Russell does not expect it to come from the Anglo-Indian press, the only one which can influence the Government, and which, instead of pleading the cause of the native, too often panders to the worst feelings and prejudices of the lower strata of the Anglo-Indian community. "As cruel as Covenanters," says Mr. Russell of certain Anglo-Indian journalists, "without their faith—as unrelent as inquisitors, without their fanaticism—these sanguinary creatures, from the safe seclusion of their desks, utter strident cries as they plunge their pens into the seething ink, and shout out 'Blood! more blood!' with the unflinching energy or thirst of Marat or St. Just." What wonder, when the class from which some of the Anglo-Indian editors are recruited can be thus described?

As I lay under a tree this morning I heard an account of some of the men of letters, which was given by a competent hand and was intensely funny, though it would be a libel to suppose it was largely applicable to public journalists here. One paper, for example, is conducted by a gentleman who underwent a course of treatment in one of the reformatory institutions established in Bengal, because of an incapacity to appreciate the distinctions of *meum and tuum*. Another was a skipper of a budgerow or of some larger local merchantman, happy like Austria in matrimony. When a collection of Indian articles was made for the Great Exhibition, it was discovered that certain jewels which ought to have been displayed as a portion of the contribution from India were not visible. They had been handed over to the charge of one of our leaders of public opinion. The omission was noticed, and in explanation our Mercury stated that he had forgotten all about them, and appealed to his friends to bear him out in his assertion that "procrastination had always been his bane;" whereupon one of his literary adversaries remarked that he always knew "procrastination was the thief of time," but that he never was aware before that it had a penchant for appropriating jewels.

With this extract we take our leave of a very pleasant book, as instructive as it is amusing, and from which, in spite of its unpretending form and tone, our statesmen and the public in general may derive many valuable lessons.

*Rights and Wrongs: a Manual of Household Law.* By ALBANY FONBLANQUE, jun., Esq. Routledge. pp. 353.—This capital little volume may be confidently recommended as a kind of law-primer, to teach the young the rudiments of those obligations and duties which belong to the every-day transactions of life. It must have struck every one who has taken the trouble to think about the matter, that the neglect of some regular instruction in such matters is a serious want in our educational system, and that it is a crying evil that youths who, in their schools, have been grounded in the civil law as practised at Rome, the laws relating to manumission of slaves or the practice of the Areopagus, should be turned adrift into the world with no knowledge whatever of their duty to their neighbour as interpreted by the law courts. It is true that there is Blackstone; but Blackstone frightens by his bulk, his technicalities, the thick stratum of notes wherewith he has been overlaid by his commentators, and by the quantity of subjects treated which are of little or no use to the non-professional reader. Mr. Albany Fonblanque's volume is free from all these objections. It is precisely the book wanted. Divesting the subject of all technicalities, it explains the relations between parent and child, master and servant, husband and wife, landlord and tenant, and so forth, clearly, briefly, but sufficiently. Of this performance, the author says, modestly enough, in his preface: "I do not offer this volume to you as a law-book—as such it has no pretensions whatever. It is intended to assist you in avoiding litigation, not to give you help when engaged in it." This is the precise truth; and as the presumption of the law is that every subject is acquainted with it, parents and all who are interested in the education of the young should lose no time in adding this to their class books. Having this use in view, would not Mr. Fonblanque do well to take advantage of a second edition to add a series of questions to the end of each chapter to be used for class purposes? We think that he would.

*Practical Mercantile Correspondence.* By WILLIAM ANDERSON. Tenth Edition. Effingham Wilson. pp. 279. The notion of framing correspondence upon the ordinary affairs of life upon a set model has often been ridiculed, and not unjustly. Who can forbear laughing at the suggestion that one is to look out in a book for the exact phrases in which we are to express the pleasure which we feel in accepting an invitation to dinner, or the rapture with which we lay our hand and fortune at the feet of her whom we adore. It is otherwise, however, with mercantile and business correspondence. In that, a certain set shape and uniformity is necessary to avoid confusion, and to fix consecrated words of business to their exact use. Here there is no scope for the imagination, and no need for variety of expression. A man of business may be an adept in style (and some, like the author of "Friends in Council," are); but there is no need that he should demand payment of a bill in any other terms than those employed by John Smith, the drysalter *pur et simple*. Let him keep his tropes and his sentences for other exertations. That this useful little manual should have reached its tenth edition by no means, therefore, surprises us. Nay, we must ourselves confess to have perused with equal instruction and amusement the pathetic but business-like style in which Messrs. J. V. Gomez and Co. of Rio de Janeiro relate to Messrs. Thompson and Sons of Liverpool the story of a dishonoured bill; and the style in which Mr. Box of London rebukes Mr. Sommers of Havre de Grace, for having omitted the magic article *la* from the signature of *De la Rue and Co.* "I always," says the indignant Box, "considered you a man of business; but these inattentions will shake my confidence in you, which has hitherto been unlimited." Very good, Box; and may all Boxes be equally emphatic under like circumstances! Let us hope that the guilty Sommers exhibited a proper sense of contrition. Of this, however, there is, alas! no record in "Anderson's Mercantile Correspondence."

*Morphy's Games of Chess.* With Analytical and Critical Notes by J. LÖWENTHAL. H. G. Bohn. pp. 485.—In a compact volume, uniform with "Staunton's Handbook," Mr. Löwenthal has produced a perfect record of Mr. Morphy's chess campaign in Europe, all the games being noted, analysed, and commented upon in a most masterly manner, and without any of that exaggerated bombast which has characterised the American records of Mr. Morphy's proceedings. As Mr. Morphy is really a very modest man, the sober but sincere compliments of Mr. Löwenthal (who, though a first-rate player, has the frankness to confess that in Morphy he found his master) must be more gratifying than all the tawdry flowers of oratory which were offered to him when he returned to New York. A capital portrait of the young chess hero serves as a frontispiece to the volume, which is a valuable addition to the libraries of all chess-players.

*Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character.* By E. B. RAMSAY, M.A. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas. pp. 266.—It may be "dead wut," but Dean Ramsay's capital collection of Scottish anecdotes is so popular that the edition now before us is the fifth, "enlarged" (so the title-page informs us); and on looking over its pages we discover many new anecdotes and amusing traits, which we may hereafter take occasion to quote.

*The Dinner Question.* By TABITHA TICKLETOOTH. Routledge. pp. 192.—We know not whether Mrs. Tabitha Tickletooth be a real personage or not, though the representation in the frontispiece of a comely well-to-do looking dame is described as "from a photograph by Herbert Watkins." However that may be, we are certain that she has produced one of the best and most useful little manuals ever offered to careful housewives. Here is excellent advice upon all matters of housekeeping; general principles upon the management of kitchens and cooking such as deserve to be written up in letters of gold; and a large quantity of admirable recipes suited to all tastes and all pockets.

*Quakerism, Past and Present: being an Inquiry into the Causes of its Decline in Great Britain and Ireland.* By JOHN STEPHENSON ROWNTREE. Smith, Elder and Co. pp. 189.—We have so lately given expression to our opinions on this subject at full length, that it seems only necessary to mention that this was the essay selected as worthy of the first prize offered by a gentleman for the best essay on the decline of the Friends. The line of argument is similar to that which has been so often laid down before, namely, that Quakerism is declining because it is unsuited to the spirit of the times. In point of style this essay is very good, and we see

no reason to question the justice of the decision which the arbitrators arrived at.

*On the Primeval Language of Man and on Alphabetic Writing.* By JOHN TUDOR. Bosworth and Harrison. pp. 24.—is an ingenious and learned attempt to prove that Hebrew has the best claim to be considered the original language that first came from God.

*On the Necessity of a more effectual System of National Defence, and the means of establishing the Permanent Security of the Kingdom.* By the late EARL OF SELKIRK. Hatchard and Co. pp. 79.—This pamphlet was originally published in 1808, and is republished by Sir John Wedderburn, a retired civil servant of the East India Company, as the views of one whom he regards as "a remarkable man, who had the misfortune to live before his time." Lord Selkirk was in favour of Militia and Fencibles, and his views are not very different from those now so popular on the subject of national defence. There are also some interesting tables showing the proportion of effectives raisable in 1801, and the speed with which they might be brought to bear at that time.

*Irish; or, Anecdotes and Incidents during a Life, chiefly in Ireland, with Notices of Peoples and Places.* Part I. Partridge and Co. pp. 52.—Judging from the first instalment, "Irish" promises to be a pleasant gossiping book, full of reminiscences and anecdotes of places, men, and things. Ireland and the Irish supply the chief topics to the author's garrulity, and by the Irish it will be principally appreciated.

*The Social Means of Promoting Temperance.* By GEORGE J. HOLYOAKE. Holyoake and Co. pp. 31.—A sensible pamphlet, upholding moderate views against teetotalism, and giving a qualified approval to a law which should render the sale of spirits in small quantities illegal. This might do much to check the evils of dram-drinking. But then some might cry, "One law for the rich, and another for the poor!" But what if the law be in favour of the poor?

*A Pop-gun Fired off.* By GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. Kent and Co.—An amusing though not very argumentative pamphlet by the veteran humorist, intended to aid the volunteer movement. The "cuts" are the best part of the contents.

We have also received: *The Poetical Works of Thomas Moore.* No. X. Longman and Co. Completing the handsome "People's Edition" of the bard of Erin.—*Kingston's Magazine for Boys.* No. XI. Bosworth and Harrison.—*One of Them.* By Charles Lever. No. II.\* Chapman and Hall.—*The Principles of Secularism.* By George Jacob Holyoake. Holyoake and Co.—The third Part of the new Edition of *Ure's Dictionary of Arts, Manufactures, and Mines.* Edited by Robert Hunt, F.R.S. F.S.S. Longmans.—Part VI. of the *Welcome Guest*, (Houlston and Wright).—A weekly periodical which is gaining new popularity under the Editorship of Mr. Robert Brough.—No VI. of *Notable Women.* By Ellen C. Clayton (Dean and Son)—the subject for the present instalment being Elizabeth, the faithful helpmate of John Bunyan.—The Second Edition of *How to Repel Invasion.* By Commander Edward Hardy, R.N. Hardwicke.—*The Shipping Question: W. S. Lindsay Answered by George Seymour.* Seymour, Peacock and Co.—*A Serious Question for Pius IX. and Napoleon III.* By John Wakefield, M.A. Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.—*Declension of German Substantives.* By Dr. A. Heimann. D. Nutt.—*Fictions of our Forefathers: Fion MacCumhail and his Warriors.* (Burns and Lambert).—An article reprinted from the *Irish Quarterly Review*.—*The Family Economist.* Houlston and Wright.

## THE MAGAZINES,

THE MAGAZINES, for the most part, open the new year with fresh vitality. Of the new *Cornhill Magazine* and its contents we have already spoken, but, as a new-comer, bid it welcome once more. Certainly the most notable articles in it are those by the editor. They are distinguished by the old humour of "Vanity Fair," and perhaps more also of the old acerbity.

Fraser has several remarkable articles. The reflective and discursive essay on "Disappointment and Success" will attract and reward many readers. Disappointment, the writer tells us, is a fate that attends most of us through life:

It begins from the child shedding many tears when the toy bought with the long-hoarded pence is broken the first day it comes home; it goes on to the Duke expecting the Garter, who sees in the newspaper at breakfast that the yards of blue ribbon have been given to another. What a hard time his servants have that day. How loudly he roars at them, how willingly would he kick them! Little ranks he that forenoon of his magnificent castle and his ancestral woods.

And success—what a difference does that make in the estimation of the world!

When poor Edmund Kean was acting in barns to country bumpkins, and barely finding bread for his wife and child, he was just as great a genius as when he was crowding Drury Lane. When Brougham presided in the House of Lords, he was not a bit better or greater than when he had hung about in the Parliament House at Edinburgh, a briefless and suspected junior barrister. When all London crowded to see the hippopotamus, he was just the animal that he was a couple of years later, when no one took the trouble of looking at him. And when George Stephenson died, amid the applause and gratitude of all the intelligent men in Britain, he was the same man, maintaining the same principle, as when men of science and of law regarded as a mischievous lunatic the individual who declared that some day the railroad would be the king's highway, and mail-coaches would be drawn by steam.

We do not, however, understand the author when he says *aliter* that Lord Brougham's career has been a failure. What a failure for a man

\* May we, without imputation of hypercriticism, draw attention to an example of want of attention to the text too often displayed by artists? At page 35 a scene is described wherein Mr. O'Shea "sprung out of bed and hurled a heavy old olive-wood inkstand at his follower. Joe, apparently habituated to such projectiles, speedily ducked his head, and the missile struck the frame of an old looking-glass, and carried away a much-ornamented but very frail chandelier at his side." This is surely circumstantial enough; but, on turning to the plate intended to represent the scene, what do we find? The irate Mr. O'Shea is reclining in bed, and his follower has dodged a book-jack, which has just smashed the centre of a large mirror of modern construction. It is not much, to be sure; but then how easy to make the illustration bear some relevance to the author's text.



who was once "a briefless and suspected barrister," subsequently to become the first man at the bar, the successful advocate of the slave, and foremost actor in the House of Commons—to rise to the woolsack—to become a power in the House of Lords—and to be generally regarded as the most brilliant and cultivated man of whom England can boast! In the article on "The Shakespearian Discovery," the case between Mr. Payne Collier and his accusers is fairly and impartially stated. The *Athenæum* is rebuked for its blind partisanship, and for falsely stating that the Duke of Devonshire had permitted four eminent Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries to investigate the matter; and Mr. Collier is told that it is his duty to clear or help to clear the matter up. This article is by Mr. Arnold, the police magistrate. Major Noel's "Conversations with Prince Metternich," and Mr. Peacock's second paper on Shelley, will be read with interest, as containing a number of capital and original anecdotes respecting those two notable personages. Two or three traits of the great Austrian diplomat may be selected.

My eyes at that time were accustomed to scan the heads of all those with whom I came in contact; and it required but a glance to show me that the Prince's head was very large, indeed far above the average size, and that both the forehead and coronal region were remarkably prominent. What struck me most, however, was the extraordinary width between the eyebrows, the inner points of which were greatly depressed, showing, according to Gall, an extreme development of a mental faculty called by him in German "*Sachsin*" and in French "*Sens de choses*," "*éducabilité*," &c. In his great work, "*Sur les Fonctions du Cerveau*," Gall states that he had perceived this part of the forehead to be prominent in all those who were remarkable for powers of observation and the memory of facts. When very large, he found it to be a sure sign that the individual preferred facts to abstract speculations. Neither before nor since have I met with so remarkable a prominence in this part of the forehead as in Prince Metternich. The cerebellum, too, was very large, and the Prince's history does not seem to have belied Gall's teachings in respect to the principal function of this portion of the brain. . . . The Prince related to me the following anecdote as exemplifying Gall's want of tact. "Whenever I have been to Paris," he said, "on diplomatic affairs, I have lived with him as much as possible. Gall invited me one evening to his house to be present at the dissection of the head of a girl" (the name I could not remember) "who had been executed that morning for murder. I found the head already placed upon his table, and a large party of *savans* assembled. Amongst them was the chief physician to the Emperor Napoleon. Nevertheless, before Gall proceeded to explain to us the peculiarities of the head and brain, in the most marked manner he called our attention to the striking resemblance he found in the features of the girl and the Emperor Napoleon. Of course we were all silent; but Gall would expatiate on this subject, although I trod upon his feet, and did all in my power to stop him and bring him to matters connected with his science." . . . So methodical was he [the Prince], however, in everything, that he told me on this second visit, that in his bureau he had two desks on opposite sides of the room. At the one he wrote all his despatches and official letters, or conversed with those who came to him on public business; the other was for his private affairs. Nothing could induce him, he said, to open at his private desk an official letter, however unimportant; if handed to him whilst sitting there, he would take it across to read it at the desk for the affairs of State. He acted in the same manner with private letters when brought to him at his official desk. He dwelt much on the association of ideas and their connection with the outward objects to which we become accustomed; likewise on the beneficial influence on the mind from strict attention to physical order. . . . On another of my night visits at the Prince Metternich's palace, I found the Princess, her sister Princess Odescalchi, and a party of friends, many of them fashionable young noblemen, engaged at cards, and apparently playing rather high. Silver markers, about the size and value of English crown pieces, were piled up in heaps, or being passed from one player to the other. I had the curiosity to examine one of these markers, and found stamped upon it the Prince's coat of arms, with all his orders—Golden Fleece, Maria Theresa, &c. When the Prince entered the saloon the card-playing party continued to make so much noise that he led me into another room. His first question this evening was whether I ever played at cards. On my replying in the negative, he remarked that no sensible man ever did, and that he himself never touched a card. I may as well mention here, however, that some years after this conversation I heard that the Prince had become a whist player, and very fond of his regular evening rubber. Possibly he had become a convert to the opinion of his brother diplomatist, Talleyrand, who, on hearing some middle-aged gentleman say that he never played at cards, replied, "*Vous vous préparez une triste vieillesse*."

The two most entertaining articles in the *Universal Review* are the sketches of Sheridan and Mr. James Hannay's review of Lord Dundonald's autobiography. Though a young man, yet an "old salt," Mr. Hannay's admiration and sympathy for the chivalrous Cochrane is unbounded:

Sir Charles Napier periodically informs the British public of all he has done, and so keeps them acquainted with the subject. His illustrious countryman and brother admiral now before us is publishing his autobiography from a different and higher inspiration. He has nothing to gain from the generation amongst which he finds himself at the extreme age of eighty-five, and he talks to us with the calmness and dignity of one who is, after a high career, communing with posterity. Through all the interest of his book—and it deals with times and men whom we had never so much need to learn from as now—there breathes a deep spirit of melancholy. The old Earl feels that he has done something, but that he has not done all which nature had made him capable of doing. He is constantly haunted by the recollection of injustice and misfortune. It is not querulousness that we find in his pages—he is too great a man for that—it is a lofty sadness—a generous sorrow. And this affects a reader more, because the temperament of our veteran seems naturally a cheerful one—high, bright, daring, like that of the old Scandinavian sea-kings from whom he claims descent. Only one thing remains to such a man with such a shadow hanging over his career—to draw from the new generation of his countrymen the sympathy and honour so grateful to old age.

With that love of "blood" which is one of his characteristics, both as a writer and as a Scotchman, Mr. Hannay informs the reader that Lord Dundonald "is the member of a noblesse which challenges the whole nobilities of Europe to show that any of them have produced so large a proportion of the eminent men of their land. In the male line, he is one of the ancient Ayrshire family of Blair of Blair—a cadet of whom became by marriage, in the seventeenth century, heir-general of the equally ancient house of Cochrane of Cochrane." Mr. Hannay heavily deprecates the want of good naval literature in this country, and the neglect of what little there is. "We must blame ourselves, both seamen and landmen," says he, "for the fact that, even among well-informed people, not one in a hundred can tell you where Benbow died; how the wind was on the

morning of Trafalgar; or what were the odds against Jervis at the battle of the 14th of February."

The most remarkable article in the *Westminster* is a thoughtful and philosophical article on the subject of "Christian Revivals," in which these curious phenomena are treated and summed up in a manner equally remote from the blasphemy of the scoffer and the credulity of the enthusiast. The following passage contains what may be termed the essence of the argument:

But, as at best any balance of benefit derivable from revivals must always be both questionable and small, the devout philanthropist is no more able to encourage these fitful fevers than he is to feel satisfied with the frosts of conventionalism, as mental states most conducive to human improvement and happiness. If he can side neither with the rude enthusiast, who thinks to scale heaven by means of hysterics, nor with the sceptical politician, who would commit reason and feeling to the custody of a church, in what direction are we to look for a religion whose salutary influence shall warm without inflaming, and nourish without surfeiting? Are there no means of reconciling the highest aspirations of individual minds with the moderation characterizing established religious associations—of giving right direction to enthusiasm without damping or extinguishing it? Accepting as an indisputable fact the religious nature of man, the proper cultivation of that nature becomes our evident duty; and the proper mode of culture is sufficiently pointed out in the very nature of the faculties to be cultivated. Equally remote from lazy inaction and morbid excitement is that equable and harmonious exertion of intellect and feeling, which being entirely compatible with a healthy sustained activity, best exemplifies the true practical religion, and the true happiness of man. Ever striving to advance from point to point, he is never satisfied except when, conjecturing new excellences and discoveries from the vantage-ground of prior attainment, he feels conscious of rising higher and higher in the scale—devising new means to compass new ends.

There is an amusing article in the "*Realities of Paris*," wherein the writer displays no little ignorance both of Paris and London life in his attempt to contrast them. Thus he lays it down for a rule that there is no gambling in Paris billiard-rooms, whilst all the London establishments of the same class "convey the idea of swindling, swearing and low life generally."

Nearly one half of the *Constitutional Press* is taken up with an article headed "The Reform Question," neither more nor less than the unhappy Derby-Disraeli Reform Bill, which was murdered ere it saw the light. The whole plan is here unfolded at greater length than we care to enter into; no detail omitted, even to the schedules, and the whole is accompanied with strong, laudatory comments in which, as a novelty, the Conservative is spoken of as, "also the progressive party." By what means and from whose portfolio, the draft has been obtained is a mystery, but that it is genuine enough seems clear from the fact that in a Conservative organ it is authoritatively stated that the document has not appeared with the consent of the leaders of the party. The "Suppers of the Tories" gain in animation and vigour, and some of the songs are capital.

*Macmillan's Magazine* offers as the great attraction of its third number an original poem by the Laureate. If it be not heretical to say so, we must confess it as our opinion that anything more disproportioned as the merit of this composition is to the price said to have been paid for it never came within our experience. To us it seems even more commonplace than the curious exertion which excited such dismay among Mr. Tennyson's admirers in the columns of *Once a Week*. The plot of the poem, which is entitled "Sea Dreams: an Idyll," is as follows: A city clerk, having been induced by a rogue to invest his money in Peruvian mines, loses it. His child being unwell, he and his wife betake themselves with her to the seaside; and after a day spent in going to church and rambling about the beach, they go to bed. There they dream, and happening to be awakened by the tempest, they begin to talk, he accusing his false adviser, and she pleading for forgiveness. In the course of this conversation each relates a dream; whereupon she humorously refers his to the fact that he has upset and broke the child's medicine-glass, and he explains hers by referring the strains of harmony she heard to the roaring of the sea. Presently the wife tells him that his enemy is dead, when straightway he forgives him, and the couple go to sleep. Such is the outline of the story, which takes some three hundred lines in the telling, and the poetry seldom rises above the dignity of the subject. To be sure, there are—as when are there not when Tennyson sweeps the lyre?—gems of poetic beauty worthy of the poet. Thus, two lines upon the word "Forgive."

Forgive! How many will say, "forgive," and find  
A sort of absolution in the sound  
To hate a little longer!

The following passage has also much humorous merit, and might taken for a photograph of a British Bank director:

"With all his conscience and one eye  
askew,  
So false, he partly took himself for true;  
Whose pious talk, when most his heart  
was dry,  
Made wet the crafty crowsfoot round his  
eye;  
Who, never naming God except for  
gain,  
So never took that useful name in vain;

Nor deeds of gifts, but gifts of grace he  
forged,  
And snakelike alimed his victim ere he  
gorged;  
And oft at Bible meetings, o'er the rest  
Arising, did his holy, oily best,  
Dropping the too rough H in Hell and  
Heaven,  
To spread the word by which himself  
had thriven."

Still Mr. Tennyson has to discover that Pegasus will not thrive upon golden oats. Of the prose contributions, the third instalment of "Tom Brown at Oxford" is incomparably the most readable. The following scene in which a servitor turns the tables upon a party of "tufts" by whom he had been insulted is admirable:

I am free to own that I was really pleased two days afterwards, when a most elaborate flunkey brought a card to my door inscribed, "The Viscount Philip-pine, Ch. Ch., at home to-night, eight o'clock—sparring." Luckily I made a light dinner, and went sharp to time to Christ Church. The porter directed me to the noble Viscount's rooms; they were most splendid certainly—first-floor rooms in Peckwater. I was shown into the large room, which was magnificently furnished and lighted. A good space was cleared in the centre; there were all sorts of bottles and glasses on the sideboard. There might have been twelve or fourteen men present, almost all in tufts or gentlemen-commoners' caps. One

or two of our college I recognised. The fighting man was also there, stripped for sparring, which none of the rest were. It was plain that the sport had not begun; I think he was doing some trick of strength as I came in. My noble host came forward with a nod, and asked me if I would take anything, and, when I declined, said, "Then will you put on the gloves?" I looked at him rather surprised, and thought it an odd way to treat the only stranger in his own rooms. However, I stripped, put on the gloves, and one of the others came forward to tie them for me. While he was doing it I heard my host say to the man, "A five-pound note, mind, if you do it within the quarter of an hour." "Only half-minute time then, my lord," he answered. The man who was tying my gloves said, in a low voice, "Be steady, don't give him a chance to knock you down." It flashed across me in a moment now why I was there; but it was too late to draw back, so we stood up and began sparring. I played very steadily and light at first, to see whether my suspicions were well founded, and in two minutes I was satisfied. My opponent tried every dodge to bring on a rally, and when he was foiled, I could see that he was shifting his glove. I stopped and insisted that his gloves should be tied, and then we went on again. I kept on the defensive. The man was in bad training, and luckily I had the advantage by an inch or so in length of arm. Before five minutes were over, I had caught enough of the bystanders' remarks to know that my noble host had betted a pony that I should be knocked down in a quarter of an hour. My one object now was to make him lose his money. My opponent did his utmost for his patron, and fairly winded himself in his efforts to get at me. He had to call time twice himself. I said not a word; my turn would come, I knew, if I could keep on my legs, and of this I had little fear. I held myself together, made no attack, and my length of arm gave me the advantage in every counter. It was all I could do, though, to keep clear of his rushes as the time drew on. On he came time after time, careless of guarding, and he was full as good a man as I. "Time's up; it's past the quarter." "No, by Jove, half a minute yet; now's your time," said my noble host to his man, who answered by a last rush. I met him as before with a steady counter, but this time my blow got home

under his chin, and he staggered, lost his footing, and went fairly over on to his back. Most of the bystanders seemed delighted, and some of them hurried towards me. But I tore off the gloves, flung them on the ground, and turned to my host. I could hardly speak, but I made an effort, and said quickly, "You have brought a stranger to your rooms, and have tried to make him fight for your amusement; now I tell you it is a blackguard act of yours—an act which no gentleman would have done." My noble host made no remark. I threw on my coat and waistcoat and then turned to the rest and said, "Gentlemen would not have stood by and seen it done." I went up to the sideboard, uncorked a bottle of champagne, and half filled a tumbler before one word was spoken. Then one of the visitors stepped forward and said, "Mr. Hardy, I hope you won't go; there has been a mistake; we did not know of this. I am sure many of us are very sorry for what has occurred; stay and look on, we will all of us spar." I looked at him, and then at my host, to see whether the latter joined in the apology. Not he; he was doing the dignified sulky, and most of the rest seemed to me to be with him. "Will any of you spar me?" I said tauntingly, tossing off the champagne. "Certainly," the new speaker said directly, "if you wish it, and are not too tired. I will spar with you myself; you will, won't you, James?" and he turned to one of the other men. If any of them had backed him by a word I should probably have stayed. Several of them, I learnt afterwards would have liked to have done so, but it was an awkward scene to interfere in.

Of magazines and periodical publications we have also to record the receipt of *The National Magazine* (chiefly notable for a curiously graphic "Winter Scene," by Gustave Doré); *The New Quarterly*; *The Eclectic*; *The Dublin University* (from whose "Season Ticket" we may yet give choice extracts); *The London Review* (which devotes more thoughtful analysis to Dr. Cumming's "Great Tribulation" than that work deserves); *The Scottish Review*; *The Englishwoman's Journal*; *The Phytologist*; *Recreative Science*; *Revue Germanique*; *Revue Indépendante*.

## THE DRAMA, MUSIC, ART, SCIENCE, &c.

### THE DRAMA.

WE HAVE LATELY SEEN (after the fashion of Hamlet and his father) a performance which, in the absence of any novelty at our Metropolitan theatres, we shall describe. The day is dark and foggy, and a great number of persons, some very fantastically-dressed men with ribbons and feathers, and in silks and satins, riding in gilded coaches, or picking their way daintily on foot through the splashing roadway—come to a large and spacious building facing some fields, newly fashioned into a garden; over which the damp fog reeks up, and which the large flambeaux that are stuck profusely in the iron palisades that surround the entrance, but faintly dispel. We enter and find a fair saloon, but rather low as regards the ceiling, in which are pretty girls selling oranges, cakes, and capillaire and sweet liquids, and other waters much stronger, which every one partakes of to get the fog out of their throats. We entered the theatre, which had a curious appearance, being rather square than otherwise, and having many small boxes, with a large royal one close to the stage. The pit was filled with very stout benches, as if giants were going to occupy them; and a remote gallery was filled with the liveried and long-coated footmen of the nobility who crowded the boxes and the pit. We were informed that a good deal of the decoration of this theatre, which was handsome and showy, not to say gaudy, had been done in imitation of the theatres in Venice and other cities in Italy, which the manager, a very accomplished gentleman and poet, had observed in his extensive travels. In appearance it came nearest to our old Opera House in the Haymarket, and had a right royal presence as it were. A large-nosed gentleman sat in the royal box, and we understood he was the heir-apparent of the realm where this theatre was situate. He seemed about thirty-five years of age, and had a licentious and obstinate look in his countenance, but was very gracious and cheerful. The theatre was supposed by a fiction of law to be his, and the players his servants—both men and women. He has a nobleman sitting in the next box to him, whom a certain novelist of the present day would call the Earl of Oxbridge, but he is the Earl of Oxford; and the very pretty woman in the green silk dress, with her hair braided with pearls, was said to be his wife, but it appears he took her off the stage under the pretence of marriage, but tricked the actress in her own profession, and got another player to act a parson, and went through the tragic-farce of marriage with her. The lady was, or pretended to be, very indignant at the cheat, and appealed to the Lord's Anointed and the Defender of the Faith, who advised a compromise, and so something like what we should reckon a thousand a year was settled on her; and there the loving unmarried couple sit quite happily, and all the Court gentlemen and some of the Court ladies go and laugh and chat with them. They are very attentive to the play; but the pit and boxes keep up a continual chatter, and even turn their backs to the stage, and flirt very strongly with the ladies in visors, and even talk out of the pit into the boxes; the ladies sometimes beckoning a favourite to come round to their boxes.

At last the very handsome silk curtains are drawn aside, and the play begins; and a short portly gentleman has hardly time to finish the anecdote he is facetiously, but somewhat precisely, narrating to an attentive but faintly dignified gentleman. It is, that two of the prettiest actresses at the other theatre have had a great quarrel, and that the one we shall call Nelly was accused of having become a nobleman's mistress: to which she answered she was always true to

one at a time, although she was brought up in a very loose tavern to fill strong water to the gentlemen; whilst her assailant was very promiscuous in her favours, although daughter to one of the great Presbyterian leaders, and brought up to go three times a day to chapel. They are loudly called upon to sit down, that the people at the back may see the very wonderful scenery that is being presented as the aforesaid crimson curtains are drawn aside. Between the pit and the stage are discovered a band of twenty-four violins, with harpsichords and monstrous lutes, and on each side are bands of choristers. During the overture, which is very solemn, and in parts beautifully wild and fantastic, being the composition of the same musician whose music we so admire in "Macbeth," another curtain rises, and an entire new proscenium is displayed, which consists of a noble arch supported by apparently white marble pillars of the Corinthian order, round which are wreathed roses with beautifully-contrived Cupids flying slowly around the pillars and amongst the roses. On the highly gilded cornice, just over the capitals of the columns, sit majestic female figures, with trumpet in one hand ready to blow a long and loud blast, and in the other a wreath of palm for the victor in Arts or Arms. At the extreme end of this splendid entablature repose in majestic grandeur the supporters of the Royal arms of England, a tawny lion, and white unicorn with gilded horn. In the centre of the entablature are a crowd of angels in white garments holding the King's arms, which are emblazoned with all the gorgeousness the Heralds would permit. The scene on the stage is now visible, representing a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation, which flows and ebbs with the coming or receding tides, and beats against the rocky coast, whilst the storm-fraught clouds fly over and vary the sky. Presently the sea grows rougher, the clouds gather, the lightnings flash, the thunders roll, a goodly vessel appears and fills the front of the stage, and on her deck her captain and sailors, and many high-born personages her passengers, appear. All is confusion and terror. Orders are bawled out, the commanders trying to override the dreadful wind that whistles, and waves that roar.

*A Sailor.* Six foot water in the hold.

*Steph.* Clap the helm hard-a-weather. Flat, flat, flat in the fore sheet there.

*Trin.* Overhaul your fore-bowling.

*Steph.* Brace in the larboard. (*A great cry within.*)

*Vent.* All's lost. To prayers; to prayers.

*Trin.* She's sinking.

*Steph.* Run her ashore.

*Trin.* Luff Luff—there's rocks on the starboard bow.

*Steph.* She strikes!—she strikes!

The whole house is now darkened, several spirits in horrid shapes flit over and about the sinking vessel, a shower of fire descends as the noble vessel cracks, heaves, and sinks in a yawning gulf, and the yesty waves close in, described by the lurid lights thus shot upon it. All is darkness and silence for a time, when the dimness clears gradually to slow and sweet music, and a beautiful island is seen, and facing the beholder are three fair groves of cypress trees, each walk leading to a beautiful grot, the middle walk ending in a perspective view of a rich and magical appearance.

During this scene the heretofore loud and talkative audience are hushed to silence, and when they recover their astonishment the applause is boundless, and the large-nosed Duke calls for the manager and presents him with his diamond snuff box, whilst the pit cheer, the ladies wave their handkerchiefs, and the gallery halloo and shout a new kind of joyous interjection—Huzza! Huzza!



The enthusiasm somewhat subsiding, the play proceeds; and a critical young nobleman says to his companion, an author evidently by his plain clothes, he hopes that this play is not the horrid "Tempest" of old Shakespeare, because it is so very dull. On which the poet-critic assures him it is no such stuff; the travelled, learned, poetical, fanciful, and courtly manager has, with the aid of a very rising young poet, entirely new-modelled it, and put some very choice novelties into it. For instance, there is introduced a young man who has never seen a woman, which makes capital sport; and there is a female monster to match Caliban—a sister, wonderfully comic and surprising. The sailors are also transmogrified into true Wapping fellows, with plenty of lingo and fun that will create roars. And, altogether, much is made of the bare outline the old dramatist crudely gave the courtiers of James the First's time. The young man and woman who each make the discovery of an opposite sex are very spicy, and will cause the ladies pretty well to keep their visors on their faces all the time their badinage is going on; and doubtless his Lordship will find it is a very racy affair, and well worth sitting out—quite beyond the powers of the old dramatists, who understood nothing of effect.

We have but to report that this play was perfectly successful, had a great run, and was supposed to have entirely superseded the dull drama on which it was founded. Does the reader inquire where this wonderful theatre is, with all its novelties of stage inventions and fine theatrical effects? Is it some new theatre further off than the Britannia? "Surely, Mr. Critic, you have been describing the old business of the 'Tempest' at Sadler's Wells, and afterwards of the Princess's under its late immortal management." No, I have not, good reader; but I have been giving a close and accurate report, from undoubted authorities, of Davenant and Dryden's alteration of Shakespeare's "Tempest," as produced at The Duke's Theatre in Lincoln's-inn-fields, on the 7th November 1667. We see Solomon was right: there is nothing new under the sun—nor even under gaslight.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

CONSIDERING THE POMP AND CIRCUMSTANCE that heralded Mr. Brinley Richards's Concert at St. James's Hall on Monday, it came far short of individual promise and general expectation. Not that there was any lack of artistes, or an absence of first-class talent. This could not have been the case when such men as Sivori, Bottesini, Engel, and the *bénéficiaire* himself were found mingling with a crowd of vocalists, some of whom have scaled the highest branches of the art. There was, nevertheless, a want of design in the structure of the programme, and in consequence of this much that might have been effective and telling became dull, and was unheeded. The "New Year's Concert," as it was termed, appeared to be a sort of precursor to a series projected by Mr. Willert Beale, and announced to take place in the provinces forthwith. A reference to recent advertisements will show that Mlle. Victoire Balfé, Mr. Balfé, and Sig. Tagliafico were to form part of the itinerant *troupe*. None of these appeared on Monday. The absenteeism of the latter was referred to certain prohibitory clauses in his arrangements with Mr. Gye. Not so with Mr. Balfé and his daughter. An explanation was attempted by a gentleman evidently "unaccustomed to public speaking;" but the audience could scarcely make head or tail of his story. Mr. Beale, in a circular, however, explained the purport of the speech of the speaker. The object of this was evidently to set himself right with the public, and to propound the real state of the case. It appears that as long back as the middle of August last, Mr. Beale and Mr. Balfé agreed upon terms for a concert tour, commencing on the 2nd inst., and terminating at the close of February. On the 2nd of December Mr. Balfé writes from St. Petersburg, to the effect that "Victoire is carrying all before her here, and will shortly become the pet of the place." Being in "despair" about her engagements in England, he begs to be let off his and his daughter's engagement. Against this Mr. Beale protests in a language that cannot be mistaken. Afterwards the telegraph is put into action, and a plea of "delicate health" is set up; Mr. Beale then makes a last appeal, urging that there was yet time to keep the promises made intact; but, as this met with no response, Mr. Beale published the correspondence in full, of which we have given the pith. In order to fill up the vacancy thus occasioned, Mlle. Corbari, who five years ago occupied a prominent position at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, was engaged, and sang on Monday the aria "O fatidica foresta," from Verdi's "Giovanni d'Arco." As the lady was evidently fatigued from a long and unpleasant journey, it would be unfair to criticise her singing too closely. Mme. Fiorentini, in a scena from "Maria di Rohan," proclaimed an organ very much worn, and a taste open to question. The voice of Mme. Badia is meagre, and a selected air from "Linda di Chamouni" proved at once that the stage, and not the concert-room, is her proper sphere. Miss Harrington's recitative and air from "Creation" appeared to be much out of place; her style exhibited an obedience to the singing-master's lessons much more than "On mighty pens" did a vocalist competent to do it justice. The strangers Sivori and Bottesini were received with an enthusiastic welcome; the brilliant execution and wealth of tone displayed by Sivori in his Paganinian solo, and the wonderful command that Bottesini evinced over the intricacies of the contra-basso finger-board, were alone sufficient to command an

interest in the concert. A quatuor by M. Silas, played at the commencement, and two pianoforte solos by Mr. Richards, called forth the most unequivocal manifestations of approval throughout the hall, which was fully attended.

Drawing-room entertainments have now become stock sources of amusement; but, varied as they must of necessity be, to suit the requirements of diversified tastes, there are few more entitled to regard than the presentation of native vocal compositions in far back ages, when to the writers—in a scientific point of view—"Music, heavenly maid, was young." It is pretty generally admitted that there is not a more noble instrument than the human voice, which, possessing exclusively the power of uttering articulate and intelligible sounds, can make thought melodious, infuse the whole soul into its mellifluous intonations, and at once ravish the ear, subdue the heart, and exercise the intellect. To do this, however, effectually, requires skilled performers, such as those composing the "London Glee and Madrigal Union," who commenced a new but merely Christmas-holiday series at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, on Monday. Although the title assumed may perchance convey an idea that concerted pieces alone receive attention, it is but proper to state that "Old English Ditties" form a material part of every issued programme. On Monday, compositions of a very early period were introduced; and among the most ancient and striking of these were a round for six voices, "Summer is icumen in" and the Kyng's ballad, "Passeytyme with good companie," attributed to Henry VIII. The literary illustrator, Mr. Oliphant, previous to the musical elucidation of these, adverted to the rudeness of early notation, and the consequent difficulty of handing down musical ideas previous to the invention of printing. In treating of the surpassing excellence of the madrigal, and the great success of English composers in that style of composition, Festa's "Down in a flowery vale" was sung as originally set for male voices, and then repeated according to the present fashion. After this double specimen of the foreign, one of home growth was submitted, "In going to my lonely bed," by R. Edwards. A May-pole song and chorus, "To the May-pole haste away," and "Strike it up, neighbour," were next given as specimens of the Elizabethan era. Coming down to the seventeenth century, the listener finds himself gradually led through traditional ballads to the glee, a composition purely indigenous, although of late years it has not met with a treatment in proportion to merit. A society like the London Glee and Madrigal Union have the power of doing much towards the resuscitation of the glee, and can rescue from comparative oblivion the works of many a great unknown. Webbe's "When winds breathe soft" was a fine portraiture of what consentaneous and critical practice will do in the representation of a highly-coloured and masterly-painted musical picture. Horsley's tender and polished glee, "By Celia's arbour," was also sung with exquisite taste and produced a corresponding effect. The literary illustrator confessed himself in rapture with "Barbara Allan" as a composition, and the attentive auditory responded to his gratification by requesting Miss Eyles to sing the old ballad a second time. Although the encores were numerous, they were not so injudicious as in nine concerts out of ten. The other chief vocalists were Miss Wells, Messrs. Baxter, Cummings, and Lawler. Mr. Land, as on previous occasions, presided at the pianoforte, and when still further required, he assisted vocally. If the demonstrations of the past week faithfully indicate opinion, certain it is that the "London Glee and Madrigal Union" hold a prominent position among the class of instructive entertainers.

Any eye that watches the progress of musical events will frequently be taken in arrest by announced concerts at the Beaumont Institution, Mile-End. In proportion to the strength of the subscription lists are the musical entertainments given, that is to say, in a numerical point of view; for, whether they be few or many in the course of a season, they are always characterised by an excellence of quality and judiciousness of arrangement. On Tuesday evening the programme contained a bright array of names and an unusually rich selection of music. Its great fault was its length; but, as the director by the force of "moral suasion" prevents the system of encoring to take root, the various items set down are generally disposed of within reasonable limits of time. The programme referred to contained the names of Mme. Lemmens-Sherrington, with the great song from "Dinorah," and the glorious air from "Samson," "Let the bright seraphim." Madame Weiss stood in conjunction with "The queen of the sea;" Miss Malah Homer discoursed about "The beating of my own heart;" and Miss Bellingham admonished the "Maidens in spring-time," in the musical language of Meyerbeer. Mr. Cummings went to that ancient damsel, "Sally in our alley," as the inspirer of his tenor capabilities; Mr. Weiss, among other things, declaimed Shield in "The Wolf;" and to Mr. Sims Reeves were allotted the grand scena from "Sonnambula" and "Tom Bowling." To enter closely into the merits of the above songs and singers, as presented on Tuesday, would overstep our limits; suffice it for the nonce to say, every piece submitted met with a cordial and deserved reception from a crowded and highly-respectable auditory.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have again "turned up" at St. James's Hall. Although they have not during the vacation made any additions to their *répertoire*, there is quite sufficient material in the resuscitated "Patchwork" to satisfy the most ardent cravings for a mirthful evening. With a permissible margin for the play of a warm imagination, chapters from every-day life are read in a style that sets written description at defiance. The Protean shapes which

these artistes have trained themselves to undergo, both in voice and costume—the dexterity of their movements, fancifulness of dress, the humour and point that lurks about the songs sung, as well as their monologues, dialogues, and monopolylogues—act so irresistibly, that sadness and melancholy can never find a resting-place in their society. Mrs. Howard Paul hits off the peculiarities of the great tenor with extraordinary force. In short, the entire representation of this “happy pair” is of that harmless yet humorous kind, that we doubt whether the risible faculties of a stoic could remain calm under a five-minutes’ pressure. The songs that thickly intersperse the entertainment belong less to the poetical than the appropriate, and the pianoforte accompaniments are quite in keeping.

It is rumoured in musical circles that Mme. Clara Novello is to receive 400 guineas for her services as chief soprano singer at the forthcoming Glasgow Musical Festival.

Miss Dolby announces two *soirees musicales*, to be given at her own residence on Tuesday next, the 10th and the 31st inst.

An attractive concert was given on Monday, at the London Mechanics’ Institution, by way of inaugurating the New Year.

The friends and admirers of Mr. Albert Smith will be glad to hear that the dangerous illness which caused them so much alarm has been so rapidly cured, that his reappearance at the Egyptian Hall may be confidently expected next week. On Monday last the distinguished entertainer made his first appearance in public, at the Princess’s Theatre. So remarkable a recovery in so short a space of time has excited great attention in medical circles, and it is to be hoped that, when Mr. Smith appears once more before the public, all those who have ever attended his amusing entertainment will testify their satisfaction by paying him a visit of congratulation upon the occasion. Such a testimony of good feeling will, we have no doubt, more than compensate Mr. Smith for the suffering which he has undergone.

On Tuesday, the 11th inst., Mr. Charles Halle gives a grand concert at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on which occasion Gluck’s “Iphigenia in Tauris” will be given in its integrity, for the first time, we believe, in this country. The principal vocal parts will be sustained by Madame Catherine Hayes, Mr. Santley, Mr. Thomas, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the chief weight of the performance falling upon the accomplished *prima donna*. In order to produce the work on a scale suited to its merit, Mr. Halle has provided a band and chorus of 250 performers. The English libretto, written expressly for the occasion, is by Mr. H. F. Chorley.

Attention has been called to the disproportion which exists between the publishing and retail prices of pieces of music, and within the present week a circular has been sent out by one of the principal firms of music-publishers at the West End, informing their customers in the profession, that, for the future, they will supply music published at their house at one-fourth of the price publicly stated, if the music is copyright, and one-third if not copyright. The effect of this will be to deprive the public of the benefit of the practice previously adopted by some retail dealers of selling the music of this house at half price. But why should the false system of asking four times as much for a thing as it is worth be persevered in? Why should songs and pieces of music, which are produced for twopence or threepence at the outside, be priced half-a-crown. We are aware that in some cases the author, or composer, or haply the artist who “introduced” the song to the public, claims a royalty of sixpence upon each copy; but this does not account for the absurd disproportion between the real and the advertised price.

Mr. Beale has published a correspondence which has taken place between himself and Mr. Balfe respecting an engagement concluded between them for a series of concerts arranged to be given through the United Kingdom during the coming month of February, at which Mlle. Victoire Balfe was to be the chief attraction. At the time the engagement was made, the terms were most favourable to Mlle. Balfe. She was to receive 500*l.* and all expenses, and her name to be at the head of the bills. On the faith of this arrangement, Mr. Beale made extensive preparations, and incurred great expense. In the mean time, however, Mr. Balfe and his daughter, after a successful tour on the Continent, determined to proceed to St. Petersburg; and in spite of Mr. Beale’s endeavour to dissuade them from doing so, they carried out their intention. Here the reception of Mlle. Balfe was so satisfactory, that her father wrote to Mr. Beale, asking to be excused from his engagement—a proposition which was at once and indignantly rejected. It appears, however, that Mr. Beale’s remonstrances had no effect, and that Mr. Balfe and his daughter remained in St. Petersburg in spite of them. The consequence is, as Mr. Beale asserts, that he is a heavy loser, and the matter will probably have to be adjudicated upon by a court of law.

A New Year’s Concert was given at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, on Saturday last, in which an excellent array of vocal and instrumental talent took part. Chief among the vocalists were Madame Catherine Hayes, Mlle. Louisa Vining, Miss Fanny Huddart, Mr. Sims Reeves, and Mr. Santley; whilst among the instrumentalists were Mr. Lazarus on the clarinet, and Mr. Osborne Williams on the pianoforte. Mr. Sims Reeves, who sang “Come into the Garden, Maud,” “Tom Bowling,” and “Under the Greenwood Tree,” excited the ire of the Manchester audience by courageously refusing to accede to the demand made upon him for *encores*. By those who were greedily determined to get twice the worth of their money he was hissed; but his conduct must meet with the approbation of all who deprecate the abominable and unjustifiable custom of demanding *encores*. Madame Catherine Hayes sang “Auld Robin Gray,” the “Irish Mother’s Lament,” “The Harp that once in Tara’s Halls,” and “Home, sweet Home,” in a manner which drew down the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

#### CONCERTS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON. .... Monday Popular Concerts. St. James’s Hall. 8  
 “Messiah,” at the Manor House, Hackney. 7½  
 TUES. .... Miss Dolby’s first *Soiree musicale* at her residence, 2, Hinde-street, Manchester-square. 8  
 Mr. George Genge’s Annual Concert and Ball. Freemasons’ Hall. 8  
 FRI. .... Sacred Harmonic Society. Handel’s “Samson.” 8

#### ART AND ARTISTS.

**ARTISTS WILL BE GLAD TO HEAR** that the Society of British Artists have agreed to a revision of their laws relating to the hanging of pictures at the exhibitions. The effect of the alteration is to limit the amount of *line space* allotted to each member, so as to leave at the disposal of the “hanging committee” a very liberal space for non-members. This is a valuable concession to outsiders, and a remedy for an evil which has been long complained of.

At the request of the Council of the Royal Academy, Sir C. Barry has furnished a rough design and plan for the building of picture galleries and adjuncts on the side of Burlington House. It is a mere sketch of what Sir Charles thinks might be done, and, as a guess-work approximation to the cost, he mentions 250,000*l.*; but, of course, an estimate of the cost of a building, the purpose and extent of which is as yet undetermined, is utterly useless and impossible. The Academy, it is understood, accept the plan, as in a measure they are bound to do from one of their own members, and also because it is sufficient for the present. Sufficient to show that the Academy are prepared to build one on the site, and sure to be improved in its details when the Government give the site, and the conditions of a grant in aid of the limited funds of the Academy are settled. As, until then, no definite plan can be wanted, it must not be supposed that Sir Charles Barry, or any other Academician, is certain to be the architect of the new structure.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts announces its opening *soiree* for the year to take place on Thursday evening, the 26th inst., on which occasion the Vocal Association will perform madrigals, part songs, and other choral music.

It is stated that a new bronze coinage will shortly be issued from the Mint, and that Mr. Leonard Wyon, the medallist to that establishment, has lately had several audiences with the Queen for the purpose of modelling a profile of her Majesty more in accordance with the truth of nature than those which usually appear upon our coinage.

The drawing of the prizes in the Manchester Art Union took place this week in the theatre of the Royal Institution. The chairman stated that 23,000 tickets had been disposed of, chiefly among working people. There were sixty prizes, and the amount distributed was 900*l.* The pictures selected by the committee for the first three prizes were, “Mosque de Cordova,” by F. Bossuet (105*l.*); “Fruit,” by W. Duffield (105*l.*); “An Autumn Afternoon on the South Downs,” by J. S. Raven (84*l.*).

On Wednesday the statue of Lord Clive, which was erected some months since on a temporary wooden plinth in the Duke of Buccleuch’s garden, Whitehall, was taken down, to effect which, being of immense weight, it required great care, and a large amount of ingenuity. Shears were erected, and after some time the ponderous mass was lowered on to a truck, upon which it was conveyed to the Euston-square terminus, from whence it will be forwarded to Shrewsbury, where it will be inaugurated with much ceremony.

Messrs. Leggatt, Hayward, and Leggatt have issued a catalogue of a Turner Gallery which they are about to issue—a series of sixty engravings after some of the choicest works of the master. The catalogue is accompanied by descriptive notes by Mr. Wornum, the Keeper of the National Gallery, and is interesting in itself for the facts which it contains respecting the pictures specified in it.

Some years ago a scheme was set on foot for erecting a memorial in the city of Lincoln to Sir John Franklin—himself a Lincolnshire man. The form which the memorial was to assume was an institution and museum bearing the name of the great navigator and discoverer, and a considerable sum had been collected for the purpose. Owing, however, to some municipal squabbles about a footpath, the plan has been abandoned; and now, when the fame of Franklin has reached its apogee by the undoubted discovery of the fact that he was the first to come upon the North-West Passage, the good city of Lincoln abandons the idea of doing honour to her almost son.

With the beginning of the present year the *Art Journal* completes its majority—an interesting and notable fact in art. Not often does it happen that the head that planned and the hand that modelled a work of this sort is permitted to superintend and labour upon it so long and so successfully; but so it is. From the very beginning of the publication until now Mr. S. C. Hall has edited it, and his accomplished wife has been one of the most honoured contributors to its pages. From small beginnings the *Art Journal* arose, gradually expanding into what it now is—really the *only* journal exclusively devoted to Art in the whole world. With what ability it has been conducted its present position affords an ample proof. In spite of its cost (which in this age of cheap literature is no light matter), its influence and circulation place it beyond all reach of competition; whilst the able manner in which it is conducted, and the perfect style in which it comes before its readers, sufficiently account for a popularity which is as great as it is merited.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**PROFESSOR FARADAY** has this week been delivering his customary series of New Year’s lectures, which are so attractive to the philosophers of the rising generation during the Christmas holidays. This year he explains the nature of “Physical Forces.”

During the past week the British Museum has been closed against all visitors. It will, however, be re-opened on Monday.

It is announced that the Princes of the House of Orleans intend to place each a son under the care of Dr. Schmitz, of the High School, Edinburgh; thus following the example set by her Majesty when she placed the Prince of Wales under the same learned tutelage. The names of the youthful Princes, who are all about fourteen or fifteen years of age, are—the Duc d’Alençon, second son of the Duc de Nemours; the Duc de Penthièvre, only son of Prince de Joinville; and the Prince de Condé, eldest son of the Duc d’Aumale.

On Thursday, the 29th ult., Sir Archibald Alison was, on the occasion of the expiry of the 25th year of his legal connection with Glasgow, presented by the faculty of Procurators with his bust in marble.



# THE BOOKSELLERS' RECORD

## And Trade Register.

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**ADVERTISEMENTS** for this department of the **BOOKSELLERS' RECORD** are received at 2s. 6d. each if not exceeding 30 words in length.

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### MISCELLANEOUS.

Third Edition.

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London: LONGMAN and Co. Chipping Norton: G. B. SMITH.

### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. CLOSE (Kirkby-Stephen).—The practice is not usual. "Wait a little longer."

### HISTORIES OF PUBLISHING HOUSES.

IN to-day's number of THE CRITIC we redeem our promise to give in this Journal some *Histories of Publishing Houses*. At page 8 will be found the first chapter of a "History of the House of Murray;" and at page 17 a portrait and *fac-simile* autograph of the late Mr. JOHN MURRAY, the son and successor of the Founder. This "History" will be continued in our next number.

WHILE, OF COURSE, an interest in the discount question remains as lively as ever in the breasts of our friends of the country Trade, the leading members of the Trade in the metropolis make no sign as yet of being once more awakened to its importance. If we are not much mistaken, however, their apathy and indifference are merely apparent, and some of our leading publishers are thinking once again of combining to have a fixed rate of discount, more than which they will not give to any one. This is a branch of the question in which our country friends, perhaps, take no direct interest; but, indirectly, it is certain to affect them. Should the London publishers ever combine to have a fixed rate of discount, it will assuredly be a moderate one. Something must be gained by the fair trader if fictitious selling-prices are abolished and real ones substituted in their place. Better a rate of 12½ per cent. fixed and understood, than one of 25 per cent. which gives the undersellers an enormous margin on which to operate. We do not say, of course, that even with a fixed, fair, and moderate rate of discount, underselling would be impossible; but at least it would be much less tempting and attractive than at present, and thus far the fair trader would gain in the long run by such a change. Certainly, in this difficult controversy, if there be one point clear, it is that publishers do not make large discounts to the Trade, provincial or metropolitan, either to have that discount handed over as a present to the public, or to afford the puffing underseller means of attracting customers to his establishment, and of selling not only his books but his stationery at the expense of the fair trader.

There are, we repeat it, influences now at work directing the attention of the London publishers once more to the propriety of combining for the establishment and maintenance of a fixed and fair rate of discount. What they are, however, it would scarcely be prudent, and it might be invidious, to mention with fullness and in detail. But we may say, in general terms, that we are not surprised at what we know to be the feelings and tendencies of some of the leading members of the metropolitan Trade. When it has come to this, that individuals have acquired such a power that they can take off the whole edition of a new work—that they can, in other ways, affect its immediate sale, even with the public, almost to the extent of prohibiting it—and that they can, after a short time, throw a number of copies upon the market at half or a quarter of the original selling price—it is no wonder if publishers begin to think of combining. Power like this may or may not be abused; but it offers great temptations. It tempts those who possess it to dictate their own terms, to insist on any discount that may seem fair to them at the moment; and it exposes the publisher,

on the one hand, to the danger of seeing a new work fall still-born from the press, and, on the other hand, to the mortification and loss of parting with his property at an extremely depreciated price. We have alluded to the subject as delicately and reservedly as we could consistently with our duty to the Trade. It is one, however, of growing importance and deepening interest. We know what is being said and thought on it by many metropolitan publishers; and there seems every likelihood that, in the course of time, action will be taken on it, and it will become the theme of public discussion. Only the utmost considerateness and prudence on the part of those by whom the talked-of movement is provoked can avert a collision, and for our own part we say sincerely that we heartily hope such a course may be pursued by all parties as will render a collision unnecessary.

### BOOKS AND BOOKSELLING, &c.

[Publishers and Booksellers who have facts or announcements which they may wish to appear in this department of the **BOOKSELLERS' RECORD** and **TRADE CIRCULAR** will oblige by forwarding them (if possible, not later than Thursday) to the office, 19, Wellington-street North, Strand, W.C.]

"THE QUESTION OF MARRIAGE LAW REFORM" is the title of a pamphlet just published by Messrs. Saunders, Ottley, and Co.

"OUR'S CIRCLE OF THE SCIENCES" will in future be published by Messrs. Griffin and Co., of Stationers'-hall-court.

THE SIXTH and GREATLY-AUGMENTED EDITION of Haydn's universally-known "Dictionary of Dates" will be ready, we are informed, on the 20th inst.

DR. DORAN'S "Lives of the Princes of Wales" is announced by Mr. Bentley as "just ready." It is to be a half-guinea volume, post octavo.

AMONG THE MINOR JOURNALISTIC FEATURES OF THE NEW YEAR is the "permanent" enlargement of the *Atlas*.

SIXTY THOUSAND was the enormous number subscribed for of the *Cornhill Magazine*. Seventy thousand were sold. "Comment is superfluous!"

MESSRS. THOMAS CONSTABLE and Co., of Edinburgh, are preparing for publication "Twelve Years in China, by a British Resident," of the interest of which report speaks highly.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN and Co., and HAMILTON and Co. are publishing a ninth thousand of a new and augmented edition of Mr. John Lord's "Modern Europe."

MR. MACLAREN, of Edinburgh, is preparing for publication a new and complete edition of the Works of the Rev. John MacLaurin, edited by Rev. W. H. Gould, D.D., Edinburgh.

A NEW SERIES OF THE "CHRISTIAN SPECTATOR," the well-known Nonconformist organ, commences with the present year. It will remain unaltered in size and price.

AMONG THE ANNOUNCEMENTS OF MESSRS. JUDD and GLASS we observe a sketch of "Count Cavour, his Life and Character," and a second series of the Rev. Edwin Paxton Hood's "Peasage of Poverty."

THE POPULAR AUTHOR OF "PAUL FERROL" has written a tale entitled "War," which will appear in the February number of the *Constitutional Press Magazine*.

THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN" (daily) is about to publish, at 2d., a *Manchester Weekly Guardian and Express*. The *Manchester Examiner* has had, for some time, a weekly offshoot, also at twopenny, the *Manchester Weekly Times*.

THE NEW INSTALLMENT OF Mr. Carlyle's "History of Frederick the Great," at which he is working assiduously, will not, we understand, be published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall until the commencement of next publishing season, at soonest.

MR. SAXE BANNISTER, the enthusiastic biographer of William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and the republisher of several of his works, has in the press "The Writings of Paterson," in three volumes. The publishers are Messrs. Judd and Glass.

MESSRS. HAMILTON, ADAMS, and Co. announce for immediate publication Vol. I. of a library edition of the collected works of the late Rev. J. A. James, edited by his son. It will consist entirely of sermons, some of them published for the first time.

THE "CONSTITUTIONAL PRESS MAGAZINE" does not conceal its plans of operation. With its January number it announces for publication in that of February "A Letter on the Army," from "a late Common Soldier, addressed to Lord Palmerston." Very important!

A POPULAR ACCOUNT OF BRITISH INDIA, its History, Geography, Religion, Manners, and Customs, with a description of the various Animals, Vegetables, and Minerals peculiar to the country, and designed for the young, by Mrs. Easton, is among the forthcoming works of Mr. Hardwicke, of Piccadilly.

OUT OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY of the late lamented Lord Macaulay, Messrs. Longmans, who had been his publishers during the whole of his literary career, partially closed the shutters of their establishment in "the Row" during the latter part of last week, and at the beginning of the present one.

WITH THE NEW YEAR appeared No. 1 of a new twopenny monthly religious periodical, *The Interpreter*, which announces itself as a periodical "designed to promote an independent interpretation of Holy Scripture, and to counteract ecclesiasticism, sectarianism, and infidelity." The publishers are Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

MESSES. EDMONDSTONE AND DOUGLAS, of Edinburgh, are about to follow up their very successful publication of Dr. Dasent's Norse tales with another work from the same source, which is to appear shortly: "The Story of Burnt Njal: a Translation from the Icelandic of the Njal Saga; with an Introductory Essay by G. W. Dasent, D.C.L."

THE "SOUTH LONDON CHRONICLE" is in future to be published for the proprietors by Bowering, of Blackfriars-road. This journal is the only penny weekly of the immense and populous district, the interests of which it represents; and, although only in its seventh number, has already gained a high position.

THE FIRST EDITION, of 20,000 copies, of Part I. of the new Edinburgh religious periodical, *Good Words*, edited by Dr. Norman Macleod, was sold off on the day of publication. Messrs. Strahan and Co., the publishers, issued an announcement on the 31st ult., that another edition would be ready on the following Thursday.

LORD NORMANBY'S PAMPHLET, published by Mr. Murray, has reached a second edition. Mr. Murray has recently figured as a penny publisher. He has issued at 1d. each or 7s. per 100 (!) "A Report of a Discussion on Trades' Unions, held at Maidstone, between C. Buxton, Esq., M.P., and Mr. Facey, 'a Member of the Conference.'"

THE REV. MR. MAURICE is not disposed to allow Mr. Mansell the last word. Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of Cambridge and London, announce for speedy publication from the pen of the Chaplain of Lincoln's Inn, "A Sequel to the Inquiry, What is Revelation? in a series of Letters to a Layman. Containing an answer to Mr. Mansell's Examination of the Charges against the Bampton Lectures."

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has expressed the following opinion of Mr. Pycroft's frank and truthful "Twenty Years in the Church:" "I thank you for sundry half-hours pleasantly and profitably spent. On not a few points I differ; still you have given much valuable advice, and a truthful picture of the trials which beset the clergy from within and from without."

MR. DICKENS'S "TALE OF TWO CITIES" was published complete in the United States in no less than twenty-nine different editions, one month before its completion in England. Dr. Cumming's "Great Tribulation" has not, however, been nearly as successful in the States as in England. According to the latest accounts, its total sale had not exceeded a thousand.

MR. CHARLES KNIGHT'S unfailing "Companion to the Almanac" contains its usual quota of useful matter. In its contents, we note papers on the Necessity for Elementary Instruction in Political Economy, by Mr. Knight himself; On the Patent Office and Patent Museum, by George Dodd; The National Collection of Sculpture, by James Thorne; History of Comets, by John Russell Hind, F.R.A.S.; &c., &c.

THE "NARRATIVE" OF CAPTAIN MCCLINTOCK is announced for republication by several American houses. We learn that Mr. Murray has disposed of the advance sheets to Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. The American public are scarcely less interested than ourselves in the fate of Sir John Franklin, and the "Narrative" will, no doubt, meet with a most cordial reception in the States.

MR. ALEXANDER HEYLIN is publishing a second edition of the Rev. J. H. Rigg's "Modern Anglican Theology; chapters on Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett." Also, the second volume of Dr. Smith's History of Wesleyan Methodism, comprising the "Middle Age of Methodism"—the period lying between the death of Wesley and the Conference of 1816.

THE "LIFE OF SCHLEIERMACHER, AS UNFOLDED IN HIS LETTERS," the publication of which has been unavoidably delayed by Messrs. Smith, Elder, and Co., is now announced by them as "just ready." A striking account of the German original, on which the work is founded, appeared in the *National Review* a number or two ago, and excited considerable attention among those interested in the biography of German theology and philosophy.

THE FORTHCOMING PUBLICATIONS of Messrs. Richard Griffin and Co., of Glasgow, include a History of English Literature, by Professor Craik, of Belfast, the author of "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," and many other excellent works. Some years ago Mr. Craik contributed to

a serial library of Charles Knight's, a history of the same subject, which, although very unpretending, rank among the best books yet produced on it.

NO. I. OF A SIXPENNY MONTHLY ORGAN OF "SPIRITUALISM" has appeared, published by Mr. F. Pitman, of Paternoster-row. It is entitled *The Spiritual Magazine*—perhaps *The Spiritualists' Magazine* would have been a better designation—and includes among its contributors Mr. William Howitt, the celebrated American spiritualist Judge Edmonds, Mrs. Crowe the English authoress, the Hon. Robert Dale Owen, son of the Owen, and lately American minister at one of the Italian courts, &c. &c. &c.

THE MEMOIRS OF THE LAMENTED SIR HENRY HAVELOCK by his brother-in-law, Mr. Marshman, is to be published by the Messrs. Longman early in the present month. It will be in one volume octavo. They also promise for the present month the third and enlarged addition of "Italy in the Nineteenth Century," by Mr. Whiteside, Lord Derby's Attorney-General for Ireland. The new and popular legal book of the same firm, by Mr. Campbell Sleigh, the well-known barrister, "Personal Wrongs and Legal Remedies," is nearly ready.

"ONE OF THE NEATEST AND MOST EXHAUSTIVE ARTICLES" written for many years (says the London correspondent of the *Banffshire Journal* of Tuesday), giving a résumé of the literary operations of the past twelve months, appears this week in the columns of THE CRITIC, by the accomplished editor of the supplement "The Bookseller's Record." Every book of importance published in England and Scotland is referred to, and in such a masterly style is the work carried by the shuttle of the writer's genius through the warps of facts and statistics, that the result is a beautiful homogeneous piece of workmanship—perfectly complete in itself—altogether compactly put together—nothing requiring to be taken from it or added to it."

THE "CLERICAL JOURNAL" makes the following announcement in its issue of Tuesday last: "Although a far greater number of our subscribers have expressed themselves in favour of a weekly issue than against it, yet the reasons given by the minority for objecting to it have weight, and are deserving of our further consideration. At present, therefore, the only alteration made will be the publication of the Journal on every alternate Tuesday. Tuesday has been fixed upon, after much careful deliberation, it being thought that the clergy are more at leisure early in the week than at its close." This arrangement, it is stated, "will give two more numbers to the year." The same number contained, reported exclusively for it, a new-year sermon, preached by the Lord Bishop of London at St Paul's Cathedral, on Sunday evening, Jan. 1, 1860; being the first of the Sunday Evening Services for the present year.

THE PROSPECTUS OF THE "ARMY AND NAVY GAZETTE," the new sixpenny weekly, edited by Mr. Russell, the *Times* correspondent, intimates the conviction of its conductors, that "questions and discussions which were hitherto supposed to have only a professional interest have extended the sphere of their influence, and they now attract the attention of the country at large. There is, in fact, a naval and military public outside the walls of the profession. It is one of the principal objects of this journal to meet the wide circle in which such subjects are at present popularised, and to furnish them with a newspaper somewhat like the *Spectateur Militaire*, or the *Soldaten-Freund*, in which topics that are of vital national importance shall be discussed and examined." The publishing office is that in Wellington-street North, formerly occupied by *Household Words*.

IT IS PLEASANT to see a kindly word spoken for Mr. J. Payne Collier, who, whatever may have been his aberrations, has done good service in his time. "Mr. Collier," says the Town and Table Talker of the *Illustrated London News*, "is about to give us a new edition, with elaborate but not overlaid notes, of that book for men and boys, for women and for girls—Spenser's 'Faerie Queene.' We have seen four of the five volumes, and matchless they look in type, paper, pressing, and better still—editing. What does not English literature owe to Edmund Spenser? Mr. Collier is to give us a life, sure to be curious." We announced the fact formerly, but this amplification of it is acceptable. Perhaps, under the circumstances, it would have been well to omit the concluding words of the paragraph. After what has happened, the prophecy that Mr. Collier's Life of Spenser is "sure to be curious" sounds rather a doubtful compliment.

ON "LIBERTY HALL, OXON," the new novel by Mr. Winwood Reade, announced as a nephew of Charles Reade, the Oxford correspondent of the *Clerical Journal* passes the following brief but exhaustive criticism: "I have not left myself room to say more than a few words where I intended to have said more. Another of those absurd because untruthful attacks upon Oxford has recently been perpetrated. This time it is in the shape of a three-volume novel. The Oxford part consists of facts exaggerated, old groundless stories badly retold, offensive personalities, and—to use a mild term—general loose language. Some of the parts of the book, those unconnected with Oxford, are not badly written, but with these we have nothing to do. As the book concerns Oxford, it has found its way hither quickly. Its title, 'Liberty Hall, Oxon,' is plausible, and might possibly induce some of your readers, who have not seen the reviews, to order

the book. It is but right that I should hint that they would be worse than not repaid for their trouble."

THE HOPES HAVE BEEN DISAPPOINTED of those who looked for a new edition of "Holy George" Herbert's Poems, enriched by the notes of Archbishop Leighton. They were originally excited by the following passage in Mr. Burgon's admirable memoirs of the late Patrick Fraser Tytler, when speaking of the historian of Scotland's visit to the Leightonian library at Dunblane: "This visit, I remember, delighted him much, and he brought away an interesting memorial of it by transcribing the abundant notes with which Leighton has enriched his copy of Herbert's Poems." Many inquiries having been addressed on the subject to the Rev. Mr. Bae, the episcopal minister of Dunblane, and one of the trustees of Archbishop Leighton's Library, that gentleman writes to the *Times* to explain that, "in whatever way the mistake may have arisen, the statement of the biographer is, unfortunately, not borne out by the few jottings found on the volume referred to; for disappointing to many as the announcement may be, the volume of Herbert's Poems now in the library at Dunblane does not contain a single note, in the proper sense of the term, from beginning to end."

FROM A LETTER addressed to a contemporary we take the following interesting account of what is being done by one society in the way of supplying publications for the blind:—"The Society for Printing and Distributing Books for the Blind has followed in the footsteps of the late Mr. Alston, and has found a temporary home at the Blind School, St. George's-fields. Its object is to supply subscribers and the poor blind with all books already published, on the system of Alston, Frere, Lucas, Moon, and the Bristol Society, at reduced prices; and to publish works of utility in the Roman letter at the smallest possible cost. The committee have received about 5000. from the public, and by this means have published 1000 volumes, at a cost of nearly 10s. a volume, and which have been distributed to the subscribers and the poor blind at 2s. 6d. per volume, or one-fourth the original cost. The last report states that—'1. Nearly 5000. have been already expended in printing embossed books, of which the society have distributed upwards of 1000 volumes, being chiefly portions of the Holy Scriptures, having issued the Gospels of St. John and St. Matthew, and the Prayer-book Psalms, the Book of Job, 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Sunlight in Clouds,' and an English Grammar from their own press, at a greatly reduced price, in the ordinary Roman letter. 2. Their desire is now to print in the Roman letter other portions of the New Testament, and specially the Gospels, of which there is double need at present, in consequence of the stoppage of the Glasgow press, hitherto the chief source of supply."

IN THE LIST OF MESSRS. J. W. PARKER AND SON we observe several notice-worthy items. Besides their new volumes, formerly announced, of the various histories of Messrs. Buckle, Froude, and Massey, they intimate that the long-expected "Essays and Reviews," by members of both Universities, a sort of occasional sequel to both the Oxford and the Cambridge "Essays," are at last "in the press." Of the seven contributors no less than five are Oxonians—Professors Jowett and Baden Powell, and Dr. Temple of Rugby, of whom all the world has heard, with Mr. Pattison, who contributed an excellent paper on University education to one of the volumes of the "Oxford Essays," and Mr. Wilson, the Vicar of Great Staughton, who contributed to the same serial a thoughtful paper on "Schemes of Universal Comprehension." The two Cambridge men who contribute to the "Essays and Reviews," are Dr. Rowland Williams, the Vice-Principal of Lampeter College, the writer of articles on Welsh subjects in a great Quarterly, and Mr. C. W. Goodwin, the eminent and varied scholar, who is equally versed in Anglo-Saxon and Egyptology, and whose remarkable paper on "Egyptian Papyri" in the closing volume of the "Cambridge Essays" was prominently noticed, at the time of publication, in THE CRITIC. Among the new editions announced by the Messrs. Parker, we observe a second of Mr. Kingsley's "Sermons on National Subjects;" a fifth and cheaper one of the "Arundine Cami;" and the third and concluding part of the third edition of Dr. Whewell's "Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences," and entitled "The Philosophy of Discovery historically examined." Among their original works promised are two of a poetical kind, which will be looked for with some interest. One of them is a new poem, "The Lilies of another Year, an Episode," by Mr. Coventry Patmore, the author of "The Angel in the House;" the other, a translation into English verse of the Odes of Horace, by Mr. Theodore Martin, the accomplished coadjutor of Professor Aytoun in the "Bon Gaultier Ballads" and the metrical version of Goethe's poems. Mr. Martin's version of the Odes is to be accompanied not only by notes, but by a life of the Venetian bard.

IN RE GRAFTON GILBERT.—This publisher of Paternoster-row, obtained his final order under the Protection Act in the Insolvent Debtors' Court, and on Tuesday a somewhat novel application was made to Mr. Commissioner Murphy. The insolvent on his hearing was opposed by a Mr. John Sutton, who had written some medical works, and obtained a verdict at a considerable expense in law costs. On the hearing, the learned Commissioner suggested a "settlement,"



and the insolvent and his father gave a warrant of attorney, on which the opposition was withdrawn. Just as the first instalment was due, an application was made to Mr. Justice Byles at chambers, to set aside the warrant of attorney, on the ground that it was "null and void," having been given to withdraw an opposition. The question was referred to a full court, and Sutton engaged Sir Fitzroy Kelly, and Gilbert Mr. Lush, Q.C. to argue the matter: the result of which was that the warrant of attorney was set aside on payment of 20*l.* to Sutton on account of some works of which the insolvent was the publisher. Sutton subsequently sought to prove under the insolvency on his original debt, and the registrar (Mr. Ingpen) refused the proof on the ground that the warrant of attorney had been set aside on the payment of 20*l.* Mr. Sargood now applied that the proof of the original debt due to Sutton might be admitted, notwithstanding that the warrant of attorney had been set aside. He read an affidavit made by Mr. Sutton's attorney, showing that the payment of the 20*l.* was in reference to medical works left with the insolvent since the original deed, and had nothing to do with the original transaction. All the court had done was to set aside the security given for the debt to withdraw the opposition. Mr. Commissioner Murphy said his attention had been called to the case by the Registrar, and he thought that the debt still survived, although the warrant of attorney had been set aside, and that the 20*l.* was paid for a subsequent transaction. His Honour directed the debt to be admitted for the purpose of a dividend under the insolvency.

IN MR. BENTLEY'S NEW LIST there are a number of interesting announcements, from which we select a few of the most prominent and promising. His leading work will probably be the volume in which is to be recorded the achievements of Mr. Charles Newton, who, in his archaeological zeal, quitted a lucrative post in the Antiquities department of the British Museum, to bury himself in the voluntary exile of a vice-consulship at Mitylene, and who has lately and properly been rewarded by receiving from the Government the important post of her Majesty's Consul at Rome. The marbles excavated and discovered by Mr. Newton have been deposited in the British Museum, where their value has been duly recognised by those most conversant with such matters. The literary and artistic memorial of Mr. Newton's archaeological explorations, to be published by Mr. Bentley, will be entitled "Researches and Discoveries in the Levant," by C. T. Newton, Esq., Consul at Rome, and will be in one volume, at a guinea, with numerous lithographs, steel engravings, woodcuts, and maps. The "Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury," by the Dean of Chichester, Dr. Hook (to be completed in five volumes), has been already mentioned in our columns. Mr. Bentley promises a biography of a prelate who might have been, but refused to be, Archbishop of Canterbury, and who was himself a biographer—Dr. Hurd, Bishop of Worcester, the friend, correspondent, and biographer of Warburton. It is to be dedicated, by permission, to one of Dr. Hurd's successors in the See of Worcester, the present Bishop, and to be entitled "Memoirs of the Life and Writings of the Rev. Richard Hurd, D.D., Bishop of Worcester; with a selection from his correspondence, and other unpublished documents." The biographer of Hurd is the Rev. T. Kilvert, the author of the "Pinacotheca Historica Specimen," and who has already distinguished himself, in indirect connection with his present subject, by his edition of Warburton's "Literary Remains." In lighter departments of literature, we are to have from Mr. Bentley a volume which cannot fail to be lively and amusing—"How we Spent the Autumn of 1859." It is by the two young ladies who described so racily and vivaciously the aspects of Anglo-Indian society just before the mutinies, and who made the "timely retreat" from Hindostan which gave a title to their volume. A new novel is also announced by the authoress of "Quits" and "The Initials." And we observe that Mr. Bentley has slightly altered the title (the subject of some controversy in our columns) of Mrs. Byrne's new work, which is now to be called "London and Paris Undercurrents Overlooked." Another of those careful monographs of regiments which are creating a school of military history is to be furnished by Mr. Moorsom, of the Indian Civil Service, and formerly a captain of the regiment whose achievements he is to chronicle in his forthcoming "Historical Record of the Fifty-second Regiment (Oxfordshire Light Infantry) from the year 1755 to the year 1858." To his "Standard Novels," Mr. Bentley adds, translated from the German by Mrs. Bushby, the "Poor Governess" of Maria Nathusius, the Miss Yonge or Miss Sewell of Germany, and whose "Elizabeth" was reviewed in the CRITIC a few weeks ago. Mr. Bentley's announcements promise well.

ERRATUM.—In the editorial survey of the literary year in last week's number of the BOOKSELLERS' RECORD, Mr. William Longman was spoken of, by a clerical error, as the leading partner of this great firm, the Messrs. Longman, of Paternoster-row. It should have been "a leading partner of this great firm," &c. It is well known to the trade and to the literary world that Mr. Thomas Longman is at the head of the firm.

### TRADE CHANGES.

[Publishers and Booksellers who have facts or announcements which they may wish to appear in this department of the BOOKSELLERS' RECORD AND TRADE CIRCULAR will oblige us by forwarding them (if possible, not later than Thursday) to the office, 19, Wellington street North, Strand, W.C.]

**COURT FOR RELIEF OF INSOLVENT DEBTORS.**—Final Orders will be made in the matters of the following persons, Petitioners for Protection from Process, at the Court-house of the said Court, in Portugal-street, Lincoln's-inn, unless cause be shown to the contrary, as follows:—

On Thursday, Jan. 12, at half-past 10 o'clock, before Mr. Commissioner Murphy.—Richard Tonks Muckle, of 19, George-street, Woolwich, Kent, printer, stationer, bookseller, and news agent, also copper-plate engraver, newspaper proprietor, and tobacconist, and during the time while he carrying on business at 45, New-road, Woolwich, aforesaid, and in co-partnership with J. L. Brown, as printers and proprietors of the *North Kent Advertiser and Woolwich Gazette*.

On Jan. 18, at half-past 10 o'clock, before Mr. Commissioner Murphy.—George Augustus Parr, known and carrying on business as George A. Parr, and sued as George A. Parr, George Alfred Parr, G. A. Parr, and George Parr, of Barnes-green, Barnes, Surrey, bookseller, stationer, and news agent, and dealing in combs, brushes, perfumery, and Berlin wool, also having a circulating library, known as the Barnes Public Library and fancy and toy repository, and taking orders for printing, engraving, and book-binding, and selling stereoscopic slides.

**DECLARATIONS OF DIVIDENDS.**—Jan. 26, J. and J. Smith, Brighton, and King-street, Snow-hill, stationers.—Jan. 25, M. E. Bishop and E. S. Gissing, Cannon-street West, wholesale stationers.

**PARTNERSHIPS DISSOLVED.**—F. Algar and G. Street, Clement's-lane, Lombard-street, colonial newspaper agents.

### COMING SALES BY AUCTION.

[Auctioneers wishing to have their coming sales noted in this column will oblige by forwarding early intimations and early copies of catalogues, &c.]

By MR. HODGSON, in Fleet-street, on Jan. 9, the entire stock of books, in quires, of Mr. W. J. Brown, of Old-street, comprising many important books in theology, biography, history, and general literature, and including among others 210 Alford's Hulsean Lectures, 8vo.

Also, on the 13th instant, in consequence of the decease of Mr. Edward Hughes, the Head Master of the Royal Naval Lower School, Greenwich Hospital, in one lot, the valuable copyrights, stereotype plates, woodcuts, and entire stock (consisting of upwards of five thousand volumes, in quires and cloth) of Hughes's Reading Lessons; graduated in four books profusely illustrated with 470 engravings on wood. All the articles are copyright, and were written expressly for the series. Mr. Hodgson will include in the above sale, on Friday, Jan. 13, the copyrights, with the stereotype and copper plates of several popular works, also a collection of 353 beautiful steel plates.

By MESSRS. PUTTICK and SIMPSON, at 47, Leicester-square, on the 17th instant, the library of the late James Hudson, Esq., Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society, comprising the works of modern authors in the various branches of literature, English, French, and Italian, large and well-selected collection of works in the German language, numerous works on agricultural and chemical science, fine books of prints, classical works and translations in various languages, large collection of mathematical works, including the works of the best German mathematical authors.

Also, early in the season, the greater part of the valuable library of the late Edward A. Crowninshield, Esq., of Boston, U.S.

MESSRS. PUTTICK and SIMPSON will also sell by auction, at the premises, 47, Leicester-square, on Thursday, Jan. 12, and following day, the very extensive Musical Library of the late Mr. W. J. Brown, comprising an excellent selection of music in all classes, especially sacred music, oratorios, anthems, &c., and an unusually large collection of musical literature; works on the history and theory of music; very numerous editions of the Psalms, both prose and metrical; very large collection of Psalm-tune Books, from an early date; books relating to the opera and the stage generally; very large collection of song-books, English, Irish, and Scotch; and works illustrative of the rise and progress of British national music.

### BOOKS WANTED TO PURCHASE.

[Booksellers and others forwarding lists of books for gratuitous insertion in this department of THE BOOKSELLERS' RECORD will please to add their full name and address.]

By THOMAS KERSLAKE, Bristol: Heylin's History of the Reformation, 2 vols. (Eccles. Hist. Soc.) Life of Thomas Gent. Dumont's Bentham. R. W. Hamilton's Sermons, 2 vols.

Anecdotes of Lord Chatham. Gwillim's Heraldry, 1724, folio.

By W. B. KELLY, Bookseller, 8, Grafton-street, Dublin.

Soame's Mosheim Ec. His. 2 of Vol. 3 and 1 of Vol. 4. Beugnot's Histoire de Paganisme, etc. Lorente's Inquisition, Spanish or French. M'Crie's Reformation in Spain. Dowling's Study of Ecclesiastical History. Milne on Annuities. Vol. 1 or Vols. 1 and 2.

By LONGMAN and Co., Paternoster-row. Sismondi's Histoire des Français, 31 vols. 8vo. Culverwell's Spiritual Optics. About 1660 or 1670.

By W. H. SMITH and SON, 186, Strand. Dixon's Collection of Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry. (Percy Society, 1848.) An Illustrated Collection of Carols. (Cundall, 1846.) Parker's Collection of Carols. 1838. Sharpe's Carols. (Rimbault, 1847.) Five Carols. 1847.

By SMITH, ELDER, and Co., Cornhill. Monthly Repository (Unitarian). Vols. 13 to 20. Medical Times. Jan. 15, 1859. (2 copies.) Hill's National Education, its State and Prospects. Mushet's Papers on Iron and Steel, royal 8vo.

### FOREIGN BOOKS, BOOKSELLING, &c.

**FRANCE.**—The Paris publishers seem not to have recovered from the festivities of the Jour de l'An, and our chronicle of new French publications this week must be almost a blank. We note, however, another interesting contribution to the biography of the first French Revolution (the *Revolution mène*, as the French happily call it), a "Vie et correspondance de Merlin de Thionville," the once famous Conventionalist. It is by the well-known Jean Reynaud, and contains extracts of a very interesting correspondence of Merlin de Thionville with the Committee of Public Safety, the early Republican Generals, &c. &c. MM. Hachette have added to their Railway Library a pleasant adaptation from the Arabic of a fiction, "Abdallah," by M. Edward Laboulaye, of the Institute. The third part of the "Grandes Usines de la France," the great descriptive work on French Industrialism, by M. Turgan (to which we have frequently directed attention), has been printed, and finishes the notice of the Gobelins. A description of the Imperial printing establishment will form the subject of an early part.

**GERMANY.**—One of the most important recent contributions to German literature is Vol. I. (published by Metzler, of Stuttgart) of the celebrated German Orientalist Professor, Gustav Weil's "Geschichte des Abassidenkalifats in Egypten" (History of the Caliphs of the Abasside Dynasty in Egypt). It is a book which is, or rather which will be, complete within itself, but which may also be considered as a continuation of, or supplement to, his well-known work in three volumes, the "History of the Caliphs." In the present volume (the work is to be completed in two) the wars of the Egyptian Sultans against the Crusaders, and the relations of the latter to the Mongols, are described from Oriental sources with quite new completeness. While on the subject of Professor Weil, we may add that his treatment by the Government of the State in which the University of Heidelberg is situated has roused a strong feeling of indignation in literary Germany. Professor Weil has indeed the title of Professor Extraordinary, but little or nothing else; and an application made by the Academic Senate to the Government to have him appointed to an Ordinary Professorship, was recently rejected on the plea that he was a Jew! Apropos of literary Jews, we gather from a Berlin journal that of fourteen political papers published in Vienna, five are edited by Christians from their birth, five by actual Jews, and four by baptised children of Israel.

THE LATEST ADDITION made by Tauchnitz of Leipzig to his copyright edition of English Classics is Mr. Dickens's "Tale of Two Cities."

COTTA, OF STUTTGARD AND TUBINGEN, has brought out a work descriptive of the empire of Morocco, to meet the demand for information caused by the present war between the Spaniards and the Moors, "Das Sultanat Mogh'rib-al-Aksa, oder das Kaiserreich Morocco." The author is J. Graberg von Memso, formerly Swedish consul at Tangiers and Tripoli, and the book has been translated from the Italian (!) manuscript by Alfred Reumont.

ERNST MORITZ ARNDT, the nonagenarian poet and patriot, has just completed his ninety-first year. He is on the point of presenting the German public with a new and complete edition of his poems, which is ready for publication. In the preface to it, extracts from which are published in the Berlin papers, the German Béranger (and a good deal more) refers feelingly to that departure to another world which cannot, in the course of nature, be very far distant.

**AMERICA.**—MESSRS. LITTLE, BROWN, and Co. announce for speedy publication the select works, including speeches, orations, &c., of Rufus Choate, the late eminent advocate, with a Memoir by Professor S. G. Brown, of Dartmouth College.

THE "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" for January contains the first chapters of a romance by Oliver Wendell Holmes, the author of the popular papers, "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY contains the second of a series of papers, "Holidays in Costa Rica," by Thomas Francis Meagher—"Meagher of the Sword."

MR. J. G. EDGAR'S "The Crusades and the Crusaders" has been republished in America by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston. The same firm announce "Stories from famous Ballads," by Grace Greenwood.

THE GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE OF TEXAS has been ordered to be printed in four different languages—English, German, Spanish, and Norwegian, which is a good illustration of the varied origin of the inhabitants who compose that State.

WASHINGTON IRVING has left a large fortune to be divided among his nephews and nieces. For the last eight or ten years he has probably received from his books alone an average annual income of 20,000 dollars.

AN ELABORATE BIOGRAPHY OF MR. IRVING is understood to be in preparation by his nephew, Mr. Pierre Irving, of New York, who has been collecting the materials for it for several years. It will doubtless be brought out by Mr. G. P. Putnam, the publisher of Mr. Irving's works.

THE VETERAN WRITER, JOHN NEAL, remembered as one of the staff of *Blackwood* forty years ago, and as the author of several novels long since gone by, has, after years of retirement, again made his appearance as an author. His new novel, entitled "True Womanhood," has been lately published by Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, of Boston.

MR. C. B. RICHARDSON of New York announces "Irvingiana," a memorial of Washington Irving, to be ready on December 25th, to contain an original portrait by F. O. C. Darley. It is made up of addresses by Mr. George Bancroft, the historian, and President King; sketches, anecdotes and letters, by that indefatigable sketcher, anecdotist, and epistolarian, N. P. Willis; and early letters of Mr. Irving's own.

THE AUTHOR OF "Elkanah Brewster's Temptation," the story that excited so much attention in the December number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, is Mr. Charles Nordhoff, of this city, author of "Man-of-War Life," "Whaling and Fishing," &c. Mr. Nordhoff has a very pleasant sketch in the January number of *Harper's Monthly*, entitled "A Pipe of Tobacco."—*New York Saturday Post*.

DR. JAMES WALKER, President of Harvard College, and Professor of Intellectual and Moral Philosophy there, has been occupied with the preparation of an American edition of Dugald Stewart's "Philosophy of the Active and Moral Powers of Man." It is revised, with additions and omissions, and the publishers are C. H. Butler and Co., Philadelphia.

THE *Ledger* has ceased to advertise Mr. Everett among its contributors, except as an "etc." We learn that the Hon. "etc." is to continue to contribute to the columns of the *New York Ledger* after the completion of the Mount Vernon Papers, Mr. Bonner having made an arrangement with him to that effect. The compensation which "etc." is to receive is not announced. He does not, however, write this time for the benefit of the Mount Vernon Fund.—*New York Saturday Post*.

"OUT OF THE DEPTHS," the fictitious autobiography on the subject of the "great social evil," published some months ago by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., of Cambridge, has been republished by Messrs. W. A. Townsend and Co., New York. The *Church Journal* passes on it the following summary verdict:—"The book is free from the prurience which the subject would seem necessarily to involve, and will thus do no harm; but the whole thing is so evidently a weak make-up from hearsay, that it will do little good."

A NEW PUBLISHING FIRM has been organized in New York—Phinney, Blakeman, and Mason. The well-known astronomer and author, Professor O. M. Mitchel, is a partner. Scientific men in the States seem to have a proclivity toward the publishing business. Thus the Mathematic Professor at West Point Military Academy, Mr. Charles Davies, author of several popular text-books, has for some years been interested in the business of Messrs. A. S. Barnes and Co.

IN OUR ISSUE OF Nov. 26th, we stated that Messrs. Randolph of New York had just brought out what we said "appears to be" the first American edition of Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." From the very obliging communication of a Boston (U.S.) correspondent, we learn that our qualification was not unnecessary. There have, it seems, been two previous editions in America—one published by Mr. John Wiley, of New York, the other by Mr. J. W. Moore, of Philadelphia. The publisher of the present edition is Mr. William Veazie, of Boston, the same who recently issued an elegant edition of Disraeli's "Curiosities of Literature," in 4 vols. 12mo. Mr. Veazie, our correspondent adds, is gaining great credit for the elegance and good taste with which he presents his revivals.

THE NUMBER OF HANDSOME HOLIDAY BOOKS published this season in the United States is un-

usually small. The book trade has been dull during the past year, and a general feeling of uncertainty is said to prevail respecting the year to come. Nevertheless, we observe in an American paper the following statement: "Books and newspapers have multiplied to such an extent in our country that it now takes 750 paper mills, with 2000 engines in constant operation, to supply the printers, who work night and day. These mills produced 270,000,000 pounds of paper the last year, which immense supply sold for about 27,000,000 dollars. A pound and a quarter of rags are required for a pound of paper, and 340,000,000 pounds were therefore consumed in this way last year."

MESSRS. BROWN, TAGGARD, and CHASE, of Boston, announce the publication of a volume by Dr. Hayes, entitled "An Arctic Boat Journey in the Autumn of 1854." It will be an interesting addition to the story of circumpolar experiences. It contains the history of an attempt, in open boats, by eight persons, setting out from the brig *Advance* (then in her winter quarters at Rensselaer Harbour), to reach Upernivik, in North Greenland, the most northern outpost of civilisation. The distance was one thousand miles, and the party were caught in the ice by an early closing in of the winter. After living nearly three months in a snow hut among the Esquimaux, the party travelled three hundred and fifty miles in the middle of the Arctic night—a journey without precedent in the annals of those perilous countries.

A NOVELTY, "American Historical and Literary Curiosities," has just been published by Mr. John J. Smith, Librarian of the Philadelphia Library. It is crowded with facsimiles of ancient and curious documents, printed and in manuscript, from the days of Columbus down to those of John Quincy Adams. All the celebrated collectors of autographs and ancient varieties seem to have opened their stores for Mr. Smith to select from, and he has produced the rarest volume of the kind ever issued in the States. The manuscripts of Columbus are especially curious. Then there are the old handbills which used to be posted at street corners of the American towns during the Revolution, both by British and Americans; letters from Washington and his wife; certificate of membership of the Cincinnati; drawings and letters by Major André, when a prisoner at Lancaster; the song of the "Star spangled Banner," in the handwriting of the author, &c., &c.

MESSRS. TICKNOR, FIELDS, and Co., of Boston, have made the following announcement in connection with the *Atlantic Monthly*, which recently passed into their hands:—"With the number for January, 1860, the *Atlantic Monthly* will enter upon its fifth volume. In making this announcement the publishers think it proper to say, simply, that no change will be made in the general plan of the magazine; that all the writers whose contributions have established it in the popular favour will continue to make it their medium of communication with the public; and that the relations of the publishers with the authors, on both sides the Atlantic, will enable them to add materially to the variety, interest, and value of its pages. They have great pleasure in announcing that the number for January will contain the first chapters of a new romance, entitled 'The Professor's Story,' written expressly for its pages by Oliver Wendell Holmes, to be continued in succeeding numbers of the magazine throughout the year."

AMONG THE RECENT ANNOUNCEMENTS OF AMERICAN REPRINTS OF ENGLISH BOOKS are the following: By Messrs. Harper and Brothers: "Tales from Molière's Plays," by Dacre Barrett Lennard; and "Schiller's Life and Works," by E. Palleske, translated by Lady Wallace—the latter published in London by the Messrs. Longman, the former by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. Messrs. Appleton and Co., New York, have a long list of reprints, which include Dr. Vaughan's "Revolutions in English History;" Mr. Gosse's "Evenings at the Microscope;" Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilisation in England," Vol. II.; Miss Yonge's "Hopes and Fears;" Palleske's "Life of Schiller," &c., &c. Messrs. Lippincott announce a reprint of the forthcoming work by Mr. Farrar, the author of "Eric." Messrs. Munroe, of Boston, announce the new series of Mr. Help's "Friends in Council," at a dollar and a half. The taste for old English literature is still lively in the States. Mr. Burnham, of Boston, is preparing for publication the Miscellaneous Works of Sir Philip Sydney, Knt., with a Life of the Author, and Illustrative Notes, by William Gray, Esq., of Magdalen College, and the Inner Temple.

MESSRS. APPLETON AND Co., of New York, have published the famous "Dies Irae, in Thirteen Original Versions. By Abraham Coles, M.D. 1 vol. 8vo. Illustrated with two Photographic Illustrations, the Last Judgment by Michael Angelo, and Ary Scheffer's Christus Remunerator." The work is one every way curious and interesting. Its author, Dr. Abraham Coles, is a physician in the city of Newark, New Jersey, a gentleman of culture and travel, of fine scholarship and delicate tastes. The book consists of an introduction, estimating the merits of this grand old hymn; a complete and exact history of it, and its various treatment, from its composition by the monk, Thomas de Celano, in the thirteenth century, down to the present epoch; and thirteen trans-

lations, by Dr. Coles, into English verse, six of them being ternary with double rhymes, after the pattern of the original; the five succeeding ones being like in rhythm, but varying from the original in discarding the double rhyme; the next in iambic triplets like Roscommon's, and the last in quatrains, in the style of Crashaw's version. Then follows an appendix, containing a complete account of the origin of that part of the Roman Mass called the Sequence, to which class of hymns this noble lyric belongs; and finally, a historical notice of Latin rhyme, illustrated by examples derived from classic literature. The volume is well worthy the attention of ecclesiastical scholars in this country.

THE BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.—In addition to some particulars respecting the Boston Public Library in a former number, we give the following interesting information on the subject of its catalogues, from its annual report just published in America:—The catalogues prepared at the present time consist of: 1st, the "Accessions Catalogue," which contains the short title of each book, its condition as to binding, and all other information required in relation to it, as soon as it is received; and so, from its facts and dates, becomes a history of the whole collection of books in the library;—2nd, the "Card Catalogue," which, on above a hundred thousand cards, contains the full title of every book and every bound tract in the library, the cross-references under which each may be asked for, and the needed distributions by subjects, all alphabetically arranged so as to make the contents of the library easily accessible and intelligible to anybody who wishes to use it;—and 3rd, the "Shelf Catalogue," which gives the running title of every book as it stands on its shelf with other kindred works, so that this catalogue serves the double purpose of showing in an instant whether any book is missing, and what are the other books in the library on the same subject. This shelf catalogue is the most important of the three. It is too large to be published entire, but a part of it, or an index to a part of it, containing the titles of about 15,000 volumes which were most needed for public use, was published in December 1858, and two supplements, containing the titles of about 1550 volumes of new publications, have been added since. A similar index or catalogue is being prepared, consisting of about 60,000 volumes in the Upper Hall, and will be published with as little delay as is consistent with exactness.

AT A RECENT special meeting of the Massachusetts Historical Society, a series of resolutions in honour of the memory of Washington Irving were "presented" by Professor Longfellow, the poet, and supported by the Honourable Edward Everett. On the history of Irving's "Life of Washington" Mr. Everett made the following interesting remarks: "At this period" (after his return to the States in 1832) "of his life he began seriously to contemplate the preparation of his last great production—the 'Life of Washington.' This subject had been pressed upon him while he was yet in Europe, by Mr. Archibald Constable, the celebrated publisher at Edinburgh; and Mr. Irving determined to undertake it as soon as his return to America should bring him within reach of the necessary documents. Various circumstances concurred to prevent the execution of the project at this time, especially his appointment as Minister to Spain, and his residence in that country from 1842 to 1846. On his return to America at the close of his mission, he appears to have applied himself diligently to the long-meditated undertaking, though he proceeded but slowly, at first, in its execution. The first volume appeared in 1855, and the four following in rapid succession. The work was finally completed in the present year—fit close of the life of its illustrious author, and of a literary career of such rare brilliancy and success." Professor Longfellow's first personal acquaintance with Mr. Irving began at Madrid. "I found the author," said the poet of "Evangeline," "whom I had loved, repeated in the man. The same playful humour; the same touches of sentiment; the same poetic atmosphere; and what I admired still more, the entire absence of all literary jealousy—of all that mean avarice of fame, which counts what is given to another as so much taken from one's self; and rustling hears in every breeze the laurels of Miltiades."

At this time Mr. Irving was at Madrid, engaged upon his 'Life of Columbus'; and if the work itself did not bear ample testimony to his zealous and conscientious labour, I could do so from personal observation. He seemed to be always at work. 'Sit down,' he would say; 'I will talk with you in a moment; but I must first finish this sentence.' One summer morning, passing his house at the early hour of six, I saw his study window already wide open. On my mentioning it to him afterwards, he said, 'Yes, I am always at my work as early as six. Since then I have often remembered that sunny morning and that open window, so suggestive of his sunny temperament and his open heart, and equally so of his patient and persistent toil.' Among the other speakers on this interesting occasion was Oliver Wendell Holmes, the well-known poet and humorist.

THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS (condensed from an American paper) of the sale of some works produced

or reprinted by G. T. P. and Taylor have been published in titles have been supplied popular key's N. Washington Mountaineer Bachelor Titcomb of Bush's Marvel more the seeds of and Co. Olshansky's works (K) has received circulation Series; Physiologist Deiner's remarkable operation British great E. sales of Fiction a year. T. circulation Papers, 4 30,000; Marion, 25,000; ration, 2 Camming, and Hol Napoleon's books, 2 Beecher's Life among 30,000; and Chalco Minister's been sold reasonably

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or reprinted in the States may be interesting. Mr. G. T. Putnam has the business management of Bayard Taylor's works, of which more than 150,000 volumes have been sold. Of Views a-Foot, 30,000 copies have been put into circulation; and the sales of the other titles have averaged upwards of 20,000 each. This lucky traveller has realised 30,000 dollars from the copyright of his various books. Charles Scribner has supplied the public demand for various works of popular authors to the following extent:—Of Headley's Napoleon and his Marshals, 50,000 copies; Washington and his Generals, 40,000; Sacred Mountains, 40,000; Ik. Marvel's Reveries of a Bachelor, 40,000; Dream Life, 30,000; Timothy Titcomb's Letters, 20,000; Bitter Sweet, 10,000; and of Bushnell's Sermons, 10,000. He has paid Ik. Marvel more than 20,000 dollars, and Mr. Headley more than 50,000 dollars, as their share of the proceeds of these large sales. Of Grace Truman, Sheldon and Co. have sold more than 30,000 copies; of Olshausen's Commentaries, 15,000; of Mr. Spurgeon's works (reprinted) 200,000 (for which Mr. Spurgeon has received some compensation). In ten years they circulated 1,500,000 copies of Stoddard's School Series; 8,000,000 of Webb's Readers; of Loomis's Physiology, 25,000; and of Hazen's Speller and Definer they sell 20,000 per annum. There are some remarkable figures connected with the publishing operations of Derby and Jackson. Of their Standard British Classics, comprising the works of twelve great English writers, there have been yearly sales of 5000 volumes. Their series of Standard Fiction sells at the rate of 72,000 volumes per year. The following figures are reliable as to the circulation of the books named: Widow Bedott Papers, 40,000; Life and Sayings of Mrs. Partington, 30,000; Sparrowgrass Papers, 15,000; Life of Gen. Marion, 50,000; Gen. Green, 25,000; Lafayette, 25,000; Gen. Putnam, 25,000; Signers of the Declaration, 25,000; Patrick Henry, by Wirt, 50,000; Cumming's Hunter's Life, 25,000; Stephens's Egypt and Holy Land, 25,000; Dick Tinto's Court of Napoleon (a twelve-dollar book), 5000; Milburn's books, 25,000; Beecher's Star Papers, 30,000; Beecher's Lectures to Young Men, 40,000; Female Life among the Mormons, 50,000; A. S. Roe's Novels, 30,000; Marion Harland's Novels (all), 100,000; and Charlotte Brontë's Novels (all), 100,000. Of the Minister's Wooing, just issued, 25,000 copies have been sold; and of Beulah, 50,000 is considered a reasonable estimate for the first year's sales.

## BOOKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

ALMANAC—Oliver and Boyd's New Edinburgh Almanac and National Repository for 1860. Roy 12mo bds 5s 6d. (Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh) Simpkin and Co.  
ALPINE CLUB—Peaks, Passes and Glaciers. A Series of Excursions by Members of the Alpine Club. Edited by John Hall. 4th edit post 8vo cl 1s 1d. Longman and Co.  
ANDERSON—Practical Mercantile Correspondence. By William Anderson. 18th edit rev 12mo cl 5s. E. Wilson.  
ARMY—The Pioneer Bishop: the Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D.D. English Edition, with an Introduction by the Rev. S. W. Christophers. Cr 8vo bds 2s. (D. Kelly, Manchester) Simpkin and Co.  
BIBLE TRUTHS for Daily Use. 32mo cl 1s. Wertheim and Co.  
BLACKIE—Lyrical Poems. By John Stuart Blackie. Cr 8vo cl 1s 6d. (Sutherland and Knox, Edinburgh) Simpkin and Co.  
BRAITHWAITE—A Temperate Examination of Homoeopathy. 8s. 2. The Principles of Homoeopathy, with a few Hints on the Nature and Cure of Disease. By W. Braithwaite. 12mo swd 4d. Simpkin and Co.  
BROCK—Working and Writing; or Patience in Well-doing. A Tale. By Mrs. Carey Brock. New edit fcp 8vo cl 5s. Seeley and Co.  
BOOKS—A New Arrangement of the Proverbs of Solomon, with Critical and Explanatory Remarks. Various Readings, &c. for the use of Bible Classes, &c. By the Rev J. W. Brooks. fcp 8vo cl 2s 6d. Seeley and Co.  
BUILDERS (The) and Contractors'. Pocket-book for 1860. 8th edit 12mo cl 4s. Lockwood and Co.  
BULLOCK—The Way Home, or the Gospel in the Parable. By the Rev C. Bullock. 2nd edit fcp 8vo cl 3s 6d. Wertheim and Co.  
BUXTON—Memoirs of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart. Edited by his son Charles Buxton, M.A., M.P. With an Enquiry into the Results of Emancipation. New and Condensed Edition. People's Edition, with a Portrait, fcp 8vo swd 2s J. Murray.  
CAREY—Echoes from the Harp of France. By Harriet M. Carey. Fcp 8vo cl 5s. Saunders, Otley, and Co.  
CHAMBERS'S Journal of Popular Literature, Science, and Arts. Vol. XII. July, Dec. 1859. Royal 8vo cl 1s 6d. W. and R. Chambers.  
CHILDREN'S Friend (The). Edited by the Rev C. Carus Wilson. Vol. XXXVI. 32mo half-bd 1s 6d. Seeley and Co.  
COLLETTE—Dr Wiseman's Popish Literary Blunders Exposed. By Charles Hastings Collette. Post 8vo cl 6s. A. Hall and Co.  
CROCKFORD'S Clerical Directory for 1860; being a Biographical and Statistical Book of Reference for Facts relating to the Clergy and the Church. Royal 8vo cl 12s. J. Crockford.  
CRINOLINE—The Adventures of a Crinoline, in eight cantos. By A. J. B. Fcp 8vo swd 6d. (D. Kelly, Manchester) Simpkin and Co.  
D'AZEGLIO—The Court of Rome and the Gospel. Translated from the Italian of the Marquis Roberto D'Azeglio. With a preface by A. H. Lazard, D.C.L. 8vo swd 1s. J. Murray.  
DELL'S Pic-Nic (The). By M.A. Eight plates, 4to cl 2s 6d. Darton and Co.  
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FRAGMENTS of the Table Round. Fcp 4to bds 4s. (Murray and Son, Glasgow) A. Hall and Co.  
FRANKLIN—The Career, Last Voyage, and Fate of Captain Sir John Franklin. By Captain Sherrard Osborn. Fcp bds 2s 6d. Bradbury and Evans.  
GLAD Tidings. New edit, fcp 8vo cl 2s 6d. T. C. Newby.  
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HALL—The Half-Crown and his Philosophy; or, Tales and Dialogues for the Young. By the Rev Robert Hall. 16mo bds 1s 6d. (Knapper and Wright, Birmingham) Simpkin and Co.  
HILL—Travels in Peru and Mexico. By S. S. Hill, Esq. 2 vols post 8vo cl 11s. Longman and Co.  
HOWARD—Scripture History of the New Testament, in Familiar Lectures. By the Rev E.J. Howard. New edit, fcp 8vo cl 3s. E. Lumley.  
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HYMNS—Hymns and Canticles (The), of the Church of England. Pointed for Chanting. 8vo cl swd 1s 6d. (J. Brook, Huddersfield) Longman and Co.  
JONES—Hadassah: Sketches in Palestine; or, Jews, Christians, and Heathens 1800 Years ago. By S. S. Jones. Cr 8vo 4s 6d. (W. O. Clay, Amptill) Wertheim and Co.  
KATIE TEMOUR; or, How to make Others Happy. With three coloured plates. 18mo cl 1s 6d. Religious Tract Society.  
KEMBLE—"By way of Remembrance." Thirty-four Sermons preached on various occasions, between the Years 1842 and 1850. By the Rev Charles Kemble, M.A. 8vo 10s 6d. (D. Batten, Clapham) Simpkin and Co.  
MACKENZIE—Words in Season for them who are Weary. By W. B. Mackenzie. New edit fcp 8vo cl 3s 6d. Seeley and Co.  
MEE of ELKAR, and other Tales. By the Author of "The Nut Brown Maids." Originally published in Fraser. Cr 8vo cl 3s. Parker and Son.  
MORTON—A Manual of Pharmacy for the Student of Veterinary Medicine. By W. J. T. Morton. 6th edit enlarged, fcp 8vo 10s. Longman and Co.  
NAUTICAL MAGAZINE (The) and Naval Chronicle for 1859.—A Journal of Papers on subjects connected with Maritime Affairs. 8vo bds 13s. Simpkin and Co.  
NELLY, the Gipsy Girl. By Aunt Louisa. 18mo cl 1s. Routledge and Co.  
NORMANBY—The Congress and the Cabinet. By the Marquis Normanby. K.G. 8vo swd 1s. J. Murray.  
NURNBERG—Blossoms of Thought. Poems. By the late Mrs. Nurnberg. With an Introduction by the Rev C. J. Goodhart. 3rd edit, fcp 8vo cl 3s. Wertheim and Co.  
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PARLOUR LIBRARY, Vol. 205.—The Red Hand of the Ford of the Dee: a Tale of Old Cambria. By Sophia Kelly. Fcp 8vo bds 2s. Darton and Co.  
POPE and THE CONGRESS (The)—Reprinted, by permission, from the "Times" newspaper. 8vo swd 1s. Jeffs.  
PRE-ADAMITE MAN; or the Story of our Old Planet and its Inhabitants, told by Scripture and Science. Post 8vo cl 10s 6d. Saunders, Otley, and Co.  
ROGET—The Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases; classified and arranged so as to facilitate the expression of ideas and assist in literary composition. By Peter Mark Roget, M.D. 9th edit cr 8vo cl 10s 6d. Longman and Co.  
ROYAL BLUE BOOK—Fashionable Directory, 1860. 12mo bds 6s. Gardner and Son.  
SAUNDERS—The Magistrate's Year-Book for 1863. By Thomas W. Saunders. 12mo cl 7s 6d. J. Crockford.  
SCHIMMELPENNINCK—Life of Mary Anne Schimmelpenninck. Edited by her Relation, Christiana C. Hankin. 4th edit post 8vo cl 10s 6d. Longman and Co.  
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MISTRELS—Souvenir of Modern Music. A Collection of Original and Select Poetry by Living Writers. Fcp 8vo cl 5s. Groombridge and Co.  
TAUTPHRUS—Quint; a Novel. By the Baroness Tautphrus. 3rd edit cr 8vo cl 3s. R. Bentley.  
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TRAVERS—Too Late for the Train; or, the Autobiography of Reginald Beresford; with a few supplementary Particulars. By F. Travers. Fcp 8vo cl 3s. (Bliss and Goodwin, Bath) E. Marlborough and Co.  
VOLUNTEER ARMY LIST (The)—January 1860. 12mo swd 1s O'Byrne Brothers.  
WEBSTER'S Royal Red Book for 1860. 8q cl 4s. W. and A. Webster.  
WINSCOM—Our Father in Heaven. The Lord's Prayer explained to little Boys and Girls. By Jane Anne Winscom. 2nd edit 18mo cl 1p 1s. Seeley and Co.  
WISE—The Cousin's Courtship. By John R. Wise. 2 vols post 8vo cl 1s 1d. Smith, Elder, and Co.  
WILSON—The Life of the Right Rev Daniel Wilson, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Calcutta and Metropolitan of India. With Extracts from his Journals and Correspondence. By the Rev Josiah M. B. With Portraits, Maps, and Illustrations. 2 vols 8vo cl 11s 4s. J. Murray.

PORTUGUESE LITERATURE seems to be reviving in Bombay. A Mr. Viveiros, a clerk there, has written several Portuguese plays. The "excellent corps of Indo-Lusitanian Amateurs" announce that they will produce his opera "O Templo da Morte, ou O Mudo Orfao" (The Temple of Death, or the Dumb Orphan), and his farce "Um Par de Pombas" (A Pair of Pigeons), and present all who purchase tickets for the performance with a photographic likeness of the author. Camoens wrote his "Lusiad" in Macao.

BRITISH INDIA.—A serial in monthly parts is being published in Calcutta, respecting which the *Englishman* says: "A trial is being made of the literary appetite of Calcutta readers by the publication of a tale in numbers, after the fashion set in England by Dickens, Thackeray, and others. It is called 'Boglesbury Hall: a Tale of the Nineteenth Century.' The first number was published by Messrs. Thacker, Spink, and Co., on the first of the present month. The author, Mr. Hamilton Hume, asks from his readers only a generous consideration of his endeavours to amuse them. It is impossible to judge from the few pages before us what is to be expected from the tale; but we fear that, however well written and amusing it may be, the author will not meet with that encouragement from the Calcutta public which is the best incentive to such labour."

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